

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow:
Fair. Warmer.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 80 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 6, 1906

NUMBER 90

Among the modern luxuries are

Kirschbaum Suits

in tropical wears and weights for hot weather. All the style and fit of regular full-lined garments. Serges and worsteds; quarter-lined with mohair or pongee silk. Skeleton construction, firm, shape-retaining and cool. Ask for Kirschbaum clothes. (warranted.)

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Wear the eastern styles. We are sole agents for A. B. Kirschbaum & Company in Ada.

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THE STAR OF OKLAHOMA WILL APPEAR JULY 1, 1907

Washington, July 6.—After consultation between Quartermaster General Humphreys and Admiral Cowles, chief of the equipment bureau of the Navy Department, the two officers who are charged with making and issuing the national flags to the army and navy, respectively, it has been decided the admission into the Union of the state of Oklahoma shall be recorded by the addition of a star in the blue field of the flag placed at the lower right hand corner.

But as several things remain to be done before the state is actually admitted, and as the law provides that additional stars shall only be set in the flag at the beginning of the next fiscal year after the state is one in fact, the Oklahoma star will not be seen on the national ensign until July 1, 1907, and therefore salutes which have been given were premature.

MANY PERSONS DROWNED.

Near Omaha a Platform at Lake Manawa Collapsed.

Omaha, July 6.—Fifty to one hundred persons are reported to have been drowned by the collapse of a platform at Lake Manawa, a pleasure resort on the Iowa side of the river, at 10:40 o'clock Wednesday night.

They were attending a concert and Fourth of July celebration. The lake is caused by the overflow of the river and is ten feet deep in places. The lake is Omaha's largest pleasure resort. Several thousand persons were present.

OIL AND GAS BOTH STRUCK AT WEWOKA

Wewoka, I. T., July 6.—Wewoka has one of the biggest oil and gas wells in the country. The drillers, a few days ago, at a depth of 1,700 feet, struck a stratum of oil sand and there immediately gushed forth a strong flow of gas, estimated at about three million feet in twenty-four hours. Work was suspended, awaiting the arrival of additional casing, and while they were working the well gradually filled up with a fine grade of oil, until it is now running over. The oil sand has only been penetrated to a depth of a few inches.

Those in charge of the well are confident that as soon as they get the casing down and go a little more into the oil sand, the increased flow of gas will produce a veritable gusher. Great excitement prevails and the real estate men are doing a rush business at fancy prices. Several other derricks are in preparation and within a few days more holes will be going down. The town is full of oil men seeking investments. The first well was put down by the Wewoka Trading Company, which owns the townsite.

Indian Killed by Train.

Shawnee, Ok., July 6.—Jim Morris, a rich Seminole Indian, was found lying two miles east of here Thursday on the Rock Island tracks, with both hands and legs cut off, a train having passed over him. Morris and a companion named Brown were here Wednesday and started to walk home. They sat down to rest and fell asleep, Brown rolling off the track.

A passenger train struck Morris, and Brown did not awake until the Concor started to pick up Morris' body.

Mild Beer Sold at South McAlester.

South McAlester, I. T., July 6.—For the first time in the recent history of the Choctaw Nation a substitute for beer was sold publicly in this city at the great Fourth of July celebration.

The substitute is called "New State" and resembles a mild beer. It was sold in small sized beer bottles for 15 cents per bottle. The district attorney will make a test case of the matter by prosecuting those who had the beverage on the grounds.

FIRE BULLETS INTO WRONG MAN'S HOME

Becoming filled up on wild cat booze, one Caldwell and another party whose name could not be learned, fired their six shooters into the houses of slumbering citizens and farmers near McGee early Friday morning, and as a fitting consequence Caldwell is dead and the other party in the hands of the law.

This is the story phoned in from McGee early this morning.

Caldwell and his companion had presumably been to the Corner saloon, as a jug partially filled with booze was found hanging to the saddle horn. Becoming warmed up from the effects of the liquor they decided to have some sport and as they passed a farmer's house they would give him an early morning salute by firing bullets promiscuously into his home.

When they arrived opposite the residence of Los Hart, one mile west of McGee, they started the fusillade, when Hart stepped to the door and shot Caldwell dead. Caldwell's partner attempted to make his escape but Hart mounting the dead outlaw's horse soon overtook him and the would-be bad man gave up without a struggle.

Federal officers here were notified of the killing, but owing to the fact that it occurred in the Pauls Valley district the authorities there were asked to take charge of affairs.

Los Hart is well known to almost

everyone in the Southwest. It was he, who seven years ago killed the famous outlaw, Bill Dalton, at Elk, Hart at that time being a deputy United States marshal. He is absolutely fearless and can take care of himself in any company. He is peaceable and a good neighbor and the affair of this morning will no doubt pass with the usual investigation.

Arrange to eat dinner Saturday with W. C. T. U. ladies at popular price of 25 cents. 89-2t

It will pay you to see Chitwood, the Tailor, for the next few days. 89-4t

Cholera Raging in Philippines

Washington, July 6.—The War Department was advised today of the virulent outbreak of cholera in Manila. For the week ending July 4 there were reported 316 cases and ninety-nine deaths. For the twenty-four hours ending at 8 o'clock morning of July 5 there were twelve cases and five deaths in the province. In the same period in Manila there were twenty-nine cases and twenty-three deaths.

DISPUTE OVER ORIGIN OF NAME "OKLAHOMA"

Oklahoma City, Ok., July 5.—The passage of the statehood bill has brought out many suggestions and claims as to who originated the name of Oklahoma. It was said that E. C. Boudinot of the Indian Territory, 35 years ago at a meeting held at Fort Smith, Ark., for the purpose of organizing a state out of the Indian Territory, suggested that the proposed state be called Oklahoma. Boudinot, is a Cherokee descendant. Now then Mr. J. S. Murrow, of Atoka, I. T. makes the following statement, claiming that the name originated with Rev. Allen White when the treaties were made with the Indians of the five civilized tribes in 1866. Mr. Murrow speaking says:

"A territory to be known as 'Oklahoma' was provided for in the treaties made with the Indians of the five civilized tribes in April 1866. That was before any bill for the opening of any part of the Indian country had been introduced in congress. In the Choctaw treaty of April, 1866, section 10, article 8 are the following words: And it is further agreed that the superintendent of Indian affairs shall be the executive of the said territory with the title of the governor of the territory of Oklahoma,' etc. When the provisions in the several treaties of 1866 for organizing a territory out of the country belonging to these five tribes had been agreed upon, one of the United States commissioners at the

time asked what name should be given the proposed new territory. Rev. Allen Wright of the Choctaw delegation spoke up and said: 'Call it Oklahoma.' On being asked what the name meant, Rev. Allen replied that it meant 'Red Men,' or 'Red Men's Land.' The delegation assented, and so it was put into the treaties that the new territory when organized should be named Oklahoma. The name is pure Choctaw. 'Okla' (people) and 'homa' (red). It has been claimed that Oklahoma is a Creek word. 'Red person' in Creek is 'Iste Cha ta;' and red people is 'Istulke, Cha ta,' so Oklahoma cannot be a Creek but a Choctaw."

Other persons claiming to know the origin of the name say that it is a Comanche word meaning "Sand Bur." In the latter claim it is obvious that the name would mean simply nothing, but in the former contention there is a reasonable excuse for the coining of the word."

Frisco Engine Dead

The engine pulling the south bound Meteor "went dead" as she entered the Ada yards today. Another was dispatched from Francis immediately, and not more than forty-five minutes were lost.

The household goods belonging to H. A. Kotsch were levied on by attachment today at the depot just as they were being billed out.

ROJESVENTSKY PLEADS GUILTY AT COURT MARTIAL

Comstad, July 6.—In a manly effort to save the surviving members of his staff and the other officers who he believed surrendered the gunboat Bedovi on account of their affection for their wounded commander and their desire to save his life, Admiral Rojestsvensky Thursday pleaded guilty before a court-martial. In a short speech to the court the Admiral declared that he took all the blame on his own shoulders and asked that he alone be punished to the fullest extent of the law, virtually an appeal for condemnation and death, which is the penalty for hauling down the St. Andrews cross to a hostile vessel.

All the other defendants, including Captain De Colongne, chief of Admiral Rojestsvensky's staff and Captain Baranoff, commandant of the Bedovi pleaded not guilty.

No Report on Lynching.

Chickasha, I. T., July 5.—The grand jury that was summoned yesterday to investigate the lynching at Womack examined a large number of witnesses this morning but adjourned at noon till three o'clock without making any report to the court. A large number of people have been summoned from Womack. They report that all has quieted down there.

M. C. Lynde Quits.

M. C. Lynde, who conducted a soda fountain and confectionery on West Main street, left without warning some time ago for Canada. The Ada National Bank is today packing the stock and fixtures for the Dowden Soda Fountain Company, of Kansas City, to whom Lynde was indebted for \$2500.



WE ARE NOW

Turning out the finest ice cream in this section of country. It is a home product, even the ice that freezes it. When these conditions are facts why not use home manufactured cream?

CRYSTAL ICE CREAM COMPANY



IT KEEPS US BUSY

serving soda water. It just seems that old as well as young keep on buying it. It's because soda water we draw never disappoints you. Each glass we sell confirms a customer who tells others that increases our trade and is why we're busy.

We also sell Sangosa Mineral Wells Water, Eureka Springs Water and Ginger Ale in bottles.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist.
(Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed.

How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured?

A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
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PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

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Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some very argains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building. 12th and Broadway.

Patronize Home Industry

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Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Keep Your Money at Home.

We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.

Phone 249.

Office at Ice Plant.

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank.

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500.

Ada, Ind. Ter

Road of the Graft.

The road of the grafter is not an easy one. The temptation to graft is insidious, and men who mean to conduct themselves with honesty and dignity may be betrayed into it. "Modern business methods" is a sufficiently euphonious term to fool a brisk and ambitious man not too much given to reflection or self-examination. And all goes well for a time. The bank account increases, the man feels himself to be shrewd and influential; he is able to put his family "at the top of the heap," honors come easily to him, and young men are flattered to be associated with him in business. Then, says The Reader, the exposure comes. Those that have trusted him know him for what he is; his own specious plea of "the modern business method" sounds strangely inadequate even to himself. His name, which he hoped to see associated in the minds of men with great enterprises, and which he expected his sons to use as a sort of "open sesame," becomes, suddenly, the synonym for dishonesty, greed and failure. The grafter has, perhaps, thought himself hardened. He finds, to his dismay, that he is not. Shame awakens; conscience no longer sleeps. The dreams of his ambitious youth come to haunt him. He would give his fortune, many times duplicated, for the innocence and integrity of his early manhood. He is not a bad man—he can suffer, he can be ashamed, he can long for innocence. Perhaps, on reflection, there are no bad men. At any rate, the grafter has shown himself capable of dying broken-hearted or of going, a melancholy lunatic, to the asylum for the insane. His career requires stern metal. Let him who enters it be sure that his conscience is dead, his family pride buried, his self-respect quenched, and that he is obdurate to the reproachful tears of the women who love him! Having made quite, quite sure of all this, one might adopt a grafting career in an expectant spirit.

Balm for Baldheads.

Simultaneously, from two independent sources, has come striking testimony of the virtues of the hairless head. It is stated that there are no bald criminals and that there are no bald lunatics. Neither statement is laid down as absolute or infallible, but it is claimed that there are only just sufficient exceptions to prove the rule. The authority regarding the first statement is J. T. Riley, a magistrate of the Halifax bench, who said in court that he had only met with two bald "charges" in his 23 years' experience. With regard to the second statement, Rev. H. M. Neild, of Bradford, quotes "a head official" of the Rainhill asylum who assured him that he would never need the hospitality of that institution as he was quite bald. It is difficult to find authorities in London who wholeheartedly bear out these two theses. A gentleman who frequently visits Bethlehem hospital in an official capacity says: "My impression of the lunatics I meet there is that they are usually a shaggy race." An experienced police inspector or bore out to a great extent Mr. Riley's statement about the lack of baldheaded criminals, but he advanced a commonplace explanation. "Criminals," he said, "are notoriously a short-lived race. I admit I have seen very few baldheaded men in this chargineroom, but by the time a criminal reaches the bald-headed period of life he has either died or has reformed. There is one notable exception, however; that was Charles Peace, the murderer and burglar."

Stimulating Reading.

We cannot help living in some degree the lives of heroes who are constantly in our minds. Our characters are constantly being modified, shaped and molded by the suggestions which are thus held. The most helpful life stories for the average youth, says Success Magazine, are not the meteoric ones, the unaccountable ones, the astonishing ones like those of Napoleon, Oliver Cromwell, and Julius Caesar. The great stars of the race dazzle most boys. They admire, but they do not feel that they can imitate them. They like to read their lives, but they do not get the helpfulness and the encouragement from them that they do from reading the lives of those who have not startled the world so much. It is the triumph of the ordinary ability which is most helpful as an inspiration and encouragement. The life of Lincoln has been an infinitely greater inspiration to the world than the life of Napoleon or that of Julius Caesar.

When Kansas was suffering from the visitation of grasshopper the whole country united in raising money and contributing food and clothing for the sufferers. Many a mean man was developed then. The contributions were so generous that opportunity was afforded for graft. And more than one man now rich laid the foundation of his fortune in the cash or goods which he stole from the relief fund. Much the same thing has been noted in a smaller scale in the San Francisco case.

DOUGHNUTS AND CRULLERS

Various Recipes for These Breakfast Cakes Dearly Beloved of the Good American.

CRULLERS MADE OF RAISED DOUGH.—Set what is called a sponge over night, just as for bread. Use a pint of warm water and a large half-cupful of yeast. When the mixture is light add half a cupful of butter or sweet lard, a large cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in water, one tablespoonful of cinnamon and a pinch of nutmeg. Stir in two beaten eggs, add flour until sufficiently stiff, knead it well and set away to rise. Then roll the dough out into half-inch thickness and cut into any forms desirable. The twist is pretty. Drop into hot lard, being sure to have quite a deep vessel of lard, as the turning of the cakes is liable to spatter up in the gas.

DOUGHNUTS HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.—One gill of milk, one gill of sugar, three gills flour, one-third teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a nutmeg, grated; grated rind of a lemon, the yellow part; one full teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth and add the beaten yolk and sugar. Add the flavorings, then milk and, last, flour into which you have stirred the baking powder. Drop a teaspoonful into hot butter or lard, let cook until brown, gently turning the doughnuts round as they fry.

SWISS DOUGHNUTS.—Boil a pint of milk and pour it over a pint of flour. Beat it very smooth, and when it is cool add four eggs, thoroughly well beaten, yolks and whites separately, always stirring in yolks first. Then add the melted butter and a pinch of salt. Sprinkle your board with flour to make it easy to form into rings. Cook in plenty of boiling lard or butter. Delicious with coffee for a nice breakfast.

"YES" AND "NO" APPLE BALLS.—Pare and steam six moderately sour apples until they are soft and white. Then rub them through a colander into a bowl, add a teaspoonful of sour lemon juice to each apple, one-half an ounce of gelatine to every six apples, and sugar to taste. Keep in a warm place until the gelatine is dissolved, then cool. Stir in briskly a meringue mixture made of the whites of four eggs and four ounces of sugar. Drop this snowy, frothy mixture in balls into a dish in which you wish to serve it. Keep as much a pyramidal shape as possible, and decorate each ball with candied cherries. —New York World.

FOR THE GARDENER.

The China Aster Seems to Belong to Autumn and May Be Started Outside.

The China aster is one of the flowers which it seems to me belongs to early autumn rather than to summer. Consequently, I do not deem it worth while to plant it inside in order to hasten its period of blooming. I should rather have these flowers through September and the first half of October than through July and August, but if one wishes the early blossoms it is a simple matter to start the seeds indoors, choosing the Queen of the Market, which is the earliest flowering strain of asters. One can now get these in a variety of colors.

During the warmer days the plants will be greatly benefited if the boxes are set on a sunny porch out of doors or on the ledge of an open window. They will thus be more vigorous and hardy and will endure the transplanting into the garden much better. Be careful not to apply too much water to the soil, keeping it barely moist but not wet, and also do not try to force the plants too rapidly in a very warm room. Most of them will thrive better in a comparatively cool temperature. Care must be taken to shade the tiny seedlings as they are starting, in order that they may not be dried out through the direct action of the sun. Do not have more plants than can enjoy the full benefit of sun and air.—Good Housekeeping.

To Clean Old Oak.

To clean old oak, whether furniture or paneling, dust it thoroughly and then wash it with warm beer, using a soft brush for carvings. Meanwhile, boil together two quarts of beer, one ounce of beeswax and one ounce of moist brown sugar until the wax and sugar are perfectly dissolved. Then apply this with a large, soft brush, and when quite dry, rub it until bright with clean, soft cloths. Some people, after washing with the beer, when dry polish it with a cloth slightly sprinkled with paraffin oil.

Indian Matrimonial Notice.

Wanted—A match for a girl of respectable Agarwal family, Gauter Bansal. The boy should be educated and between the age of 20 and 25 years. All communications to be addressed to Gian Chand, clerk, Arsenal, Ferozepore City.—Lahore Tribune.

What He Needed.

"Bjorkins you're certainly losing your senses. Of all the crazy schemes I ever—say, aren't you well?" "No; to tell the truth, I'm not. I think I'll have to consult a physician." "Never mind the doctor—consult a wheelwright."—Cleveland Leader.

His Hope.

Mother—Oh, you bad boy! Dirty hands again! I'm afraid you're a hopeless case. Tommy (eagerly)—Oh, ma, does "hopeless" mean you're going to give up talking about it?—Philadelphia Ledger.

On a Transatlantic Liner

By PHILIP VERRILL M'GHELS

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

On the transatlantic liner there were two cabin passengers who were neither seafarers nor lovesick, and, as if this in itself were not sufficiently remarkable, Ada was beautiful, clever and young, while Seton was manly, wholesome and wise.

Grown weary of her reading, Ada glanced across the deck. A man there leaned against the rail, smoking. She noted the back of his head and thought of a boy with whom, on a time, she had played at a game entitled: "Courtship, Marriage and Divorce."

The man, who was Seton, turned about. Then she saw that he was, in very fact, that self-same boy, expanded and sand-papered off, according to a plan of civilization. Their glances met. He oscillated where he was for a second, and then came leisurely forward, raising his cap in salutation.

"Why, it's Seton Lowe—Mr. Lowe," she said. "I didn't even know you were aboard."

"No, I came a little unexpectedly," he confessed. "I took the trip to avoid my friends."

"Oh; then I trust you will be successful," she answered, somewhat icily.

He made no attempt to reconstruct his observation. They were silent for a moment.

"It's going to be a smooth, tedious trip," he presently stated.

"It looks that way—at present," she agreed.

He glanced at her furtively, after which she abruptly scanned him over with a keener interest.

"You are not alone?" she inquired. "Practically, yes."

"Why, I thought—I read—wasn't it true? Shouldn't your wedding—"

"Should have come off to-day," he supplied, nonchalantly. "All of it true, so far as it went."

"Oh . . . Really? . . . Then Miss Schuyler—"

"Exercised her divine prerogative of changing her mind. She is wearing the other man."

"Wearing?"

"Yes. They put us on and off like hats. I trust he will find it wearing."

Ada's eyes glistened, somewhat fiercely. "I have known men who renewed their ties as often as we choose between our hats," she said. "The fad of changing the heart is quite as rampant as that of altering the mind."

"Personal experience is the hothouse of rancor," he told her, "and I am still under glass."

"Well, do you fondly imagine you are all alone in an enjoyment of rancor?"

"My fault-finding is at first hand," he answered, "while yours should be vicarious only, at the utmost."

"Indeed!" she said.

He looked at her sharply and blinked through the smoke of his pipe.

"See here," he blurted, "you were not the Miss Lee Cavendish who was engaged to some fellow from Oxford?"

"You are neither acute nor complimentary, not to know—or to assume so little interest."

"H'm," he mused, "I—I always called you Ada. I never supposed that fellow—"

He glanced at her again, earnestly. "You were always a sensible girl," he observed. "Shall I tell you what I've done?"

"Not if you wish it kept a secret."

"I've joined the Association of Un-mitigated Bachelors," he imparted.

"I've taken a solemn vow never to ask any maid, girl or woman on earth to become my wife."

She looked at him oddly, her face slightly reddened.

"I've joined myself," she murmured. "Not the bachelors."

"No, the Bachelor Girls. We have each of us taken a grave and reverend obligation never to wed any lad, youth or man who may, can or must ask to become his wife, mate or partner for life, if we live to be a thousand."

"You don't say!" he exclaimed, with frank admiration. "I'm mighty glad to hear it. Ada, we shall get along this voyage delightfully. Let us shake hands."

She placed her dainty hand in his, for a funny little second, and the glance that played between them met on neutral ground.

Of all the unstable, neutral grounds that Fate has yet devised for man's confusion, the sea is perhaps the most conspicuous. For the matter of that, any ground whatsoever, when frequently employed, is perilous to meet upon, especially for people who have protested much against conjugal entanglements.

Ada, however, as the days went by, was confident of her own immunity from danger, and Seton was fortified securely in his own iron mail of determination.

"Wonderful weather we're having after all," he said, pausing at her chair at last, when he had walked the deck by himself for half an hour.

She arose, dropping her rug to the deck. He took it up and adjusted it roughly about her shoulders, as she leaned against the rail and watched the graceful birds as they followed the steamer.

"I love them—the sea gulls," she stated.

"Then love has not been entirely eliminated from your nature?" he ventured.

"Don't be silly, Seton, if you please."

"No, I won't. But—I saw a whale this morning. Do you like whales more or less than you love sea-gulls?"

"Why should I like one or the other more or less?"

"Well—a whale is a mammal—and so is man."

"Man is a beast," she corrected. "Yes, I suppose he is. And a woman—a woman is a critter."

"Thanks. I was afraid you would call woman either an angel or a mermaid."

"No," he replied, reflectively. "I never took home either feathers or scales, on—on my coat lapel."

"You can actually speak about—that affair, and—love?" She blushed as she nearly missed fire on the final word.

"Why not?" he inquired. "The sea is doing me good. I shall be myself once more in a week."

"And begin to regret your unmitigated bachelor solemnities?"

"Certainly not. I'd like to see the girl who could make me regret such a sensible step."

He looked so deeply into Ada's eyes as he spoke that she saw the wholesome, honest boy she had known so happily, once upon a time. Then he presently added:

"Besides, that's done—and there's an end to it."

Something happened in Ada's feminine mind. She said:

"That sounds exactly like the things you used to say so long ago. Just between our childish calms and storms."

A bright light flashed in his eyes, for a second, to counter the sparkle in hers.

"Ada, there's nothing poetic or reminiscent about me now," he confessed, "but everything feels to me decidedly like spring."

With a nod she conceded he had paid her back. Nevertheless, she ignored his gentle repartee.

"Was it spring the whole year through, when we were two foolish children?" she queried.

"I never thought," he admitted, "but—hang it all—I believe it was."

The sole purpose of making an ocean voyage so protracted is to entrap the innocent passengers into vague little sighs of inconsequent regret when at length it is finally ended.

Both Seton and Ada were apostles of inconsequence.

That final evening they sat on the deck and beheld the moon arise like a red-hot disk from somewhere over the edge. Ada looked at it steadily.

"The poor old thing must take us very seriously," she said, "for look at the wrinkles on her brow."

"I used to think a sillier thing than that—what a lot of rings it would make, cut out, one inside the other."

He was silent for a moment, mentally carving up the unsuspecting planet. Then he observed:

"They would all be plain gold rings."

"Yes, I know. That was part of the idea. I said it was woefully silly."

"Perhaps you thought you would like one of the rings?"

"Perhaps I did," she confessed. "I was very young."

He suppressed a tentative feeling of excitement.

"Of course, you don't wish for anything of the sort any longer?" he inquired, calmly.

"How could I, Mr. Lowe?"

"I was trying to think."

"You were trying to think what?"

"How we could both get out of it. I mean—how I—we—well, let it go the way I said it first."

She looked at him steadily, and felt herself grow pale and warm alternately.

"Get out of what?" she murmured.

"Ada, we can't get out of the fact that we love one another, devotedly," he announced with a boldness that took away her breath. "When we used to play, as children, we used to say we loved each other for the courtship, and that we loved each other for the marriage, and then, after the divorce, we made up and said we loved each other again, so as to begin the game all over. So we can't get out of that, now can we? The only question is how to get around our solemn vows to the bachelor associations."

"But—Seton—"

"I know. I've always said you are a sweet, sensible girl. If you advise it, I'll simply break my pledge."

"But I don't advise it. I don't advise anything. I certainly—"

"Don't you love me, sweetheart, just enough to help me out?"

She was silent for a moment. He took her hand. It was trembling, but it lay in his without alarm. He looked in her eyes, and, even in the moonlight, saw the answer he needed.

Then finally Seton, pressing his fist to his heart, with all his strength, discovered he was gazing in rapture on the moon. He thought what a beautiful plain gold ring he could cut from the splendor of the disk.

Plenty of Industry.

Mr. Quiller-Couch certainly cannot be accused of lack of industry. It is no very long since he brought out "The Mayor of Troy;" he has two serial novels running in magazines; he is preparing to publish a collection of verses and little essays under the title of "A Cornish Window," and he is at work on a school history of English literature arranged on a plan of his own.

Webfoot Humility.

Crocuses are in bloom down along the Columbia. Rose shoots are several inches long. Spring beauties are blossoming in the woods. Farmers are plowing, birds are singing, and meanwhile the unhappy east has a temperature varying from 4 to 26 degrees below zero. Are we worthy of our blessings?

Before the paleface came there was no poison in the Indian's corn.

Tulle in Millinery and Neckwear

Once again illusion bows bedeck fair woman; this time they are worn at the front, the chow at the back utterly out. More bows of white have been noticed so far, but the season may presently show the variety that raged a couple of years back.

In millinery tulle is used a great deal. Evening hats especially are thus adorned, and a very appropriate trimming it makes. An old-rose voile costume was lately seen worn with an all-white hat, whose only trimming as observed from the back was a great ruche of white tulle, covering the wide bandeau and falling well over the hair. When the wearer



MODISH MILLINERY.

gazed about, a white plume was visible curling about the crown of the hat. This was a very airy chapeau, just the thing for a summer evening outing.

And nowadays summer evening outings are so much the rule, summer

gayeties making us once solemn Americans a very gay people indeed—taking away the reproach that we take our pleasures too seriously, and making need for clothes appropriate to the diversions. Not only do carriage folk dress nowadays, but also the plebeian street car, the open trolley, shows its load of prettily costumed women. A voile suit of some delicate color answers admirably for wear at summer park and private party, and the voiles of the season come in most beautiful shades, the material back in fashion with a certainty, too pretty long to be vanished.

The hat here pictured is typical of those seen on the summer girl of the day. It is a charming gray crin fluff with tulle and with yellow roses, making beautiful contrast on the soft gray—a French combination and artistic.

Very smart and coquettish is the small hat with a ruche of tulle about the crown and at one side a tight bunch of roses and the ubiquitous quill, under the brim of course some more roses. Posies, posies everywhere adding their quota to the gayeties.

At present the sailors are considerably much trimmed, but before the summer's over we may have the simple old sailor back again, a strictly utilitarian protection for the head. But we must confess we like the rose and tulle bedecked ones; think them more becoming.

The other day we saw on a hat a half wreath of peach blossoms that looked so real we surely got a whiff of their fragrance across the car; wanted to ask the maiden where under the sun she found the tree whereon they grew. Artificial flowers never were so beautiful as this year, I am sure; never so natural looking.

In The World of Fashion



LACE AND LINEN COMBINATION.

Soft mulls rather than stiffly starched lawns are the order of the day; these are a blessing to the laundress as they "do up" more easily and keep clean longer. The lingerie this season is even more fragile in appearance than usual, now one affects the finest of materials and less elaboration of lace insets; this, too, is a blessing to the home dressmaker, who can keep in style without wearing herself all out in the attempt.

Long coats are few and far between, and the variety of short ones is marvelous—one would have thought all the ideas exhausted long ago. They are so much cooler for summer wear, and they allow of display of the exquisite blouse. The present fashions make the streets very festive, so much white finery seen. Already numbers of white frocks have appeared, and though we may not have the white season of last summer repeated, there certainly is to be a great deal of white worn. White plumes are seen, almost always falling over the hair at the back, a novel and picturesque disposal. Last evening we noticed an attractive hat, one of the longish turbans with the only trimming a wreath of small flowers, the wreath elongated at the back and quite separated from the hat, lying on the girl's soft tresses like a garland. The arrangement of artificial flowers this season seems to us more natural and effective than usual, and the flowers so pretty.

Silk is much worn this spring, taffeta and rough weaves both. The colored pongees are all made with short skirts, and shortest jackets, evidently meant for business; and they certainly do seem to be just the thing for summer pedestrianizing. The taffetas are usually made walking length; in spite of dire predictions we see almost no

long trained gowns on the street. And, by the way, a trim taffeta or pongee suit, made latest mode, can be worn for almost any occasion the summer may bring forth. Of course one may wear with such a suit the loveliest of lingerie blouses, which, with its elbow sleeves and fine handwork, will look partyfied enough for anything.

At the afternoon-tea shops one sees some of the prettiest of summer toilets. A charming one disported itself the other day at one of these places where I happened to drop in for a refreshing cup, and I wondered if the wearer gave the charm to the dress or the dress most adorned the lady—both were so worth looking at. The lady was one of those erect, slim women, slim without being in the least scrawny; her hair just touched with gray, softly fluffy about a bright, youthful face and crowned with a black chip hat trimmed simply with a wreath of white roses. The skirt and short coat were of blue taffeta, the sleeves of the latter giving the unmistakable style; they came above the elbow and a deep frill of creamy lace brought them down considerably longer.

The princess costume appears in all forms, some good, others indifferent, others bad. The one here pictured is an excellent model, designed by the Dry Goods Economist. The short, puffed sleeves give the correct shoulder line, the front panel and short waist line relieves what otherwise would be too severe for any save an absolutely perfect figure—which few of us, alas, possess. But both art and nature are coming to the assistance of poor woman with her unnatural mode of life; exercise and good dressmakers are building up deficiencies.

ELLEN OSMOND.

The Marriage of Muggsy

By W. H. ALBURN

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

So it happened that Muggsy and Mary Ann the waitress became engaged. Muggsy was to borrow some money from a friend, and get a job, and be married.

Now, it is hard for a burglarious loafer to get a job. It is harder still for him to borrow money. But after five days of tramping the streets and visiting mills and factories, and striking old friends intermittently for pecuniary aid, he obtained the promise of work in a foundry, to begin the following Monday, and a former "pal" lent him \$10 to begin housekeeping with. So he was to be married on Sunday.

It was Saturday night, and Mary Ann's fiancé was strolling through the streets, restless and happy. To-morrow he would be married. It seemed impossible, and yet there could be no doubt of it.

Muggsy found himself staring vacantly into a shop window. The shop was closed, for it was late; and the lights in the windows were dim. There were three gilded balls over the door.

Then Muggsy's gaze fell upon a tray of rings in the window, and he started. The awful truth flashed upon him. When people get married they use wedding rings! And he had forgotten the ring.

There was an old shoe lying in the street. In a moment he had seized the shoe, rested it on the glass above the crack, inserted his left elbow in the shoe, closed his fist and struck it a powerful blow with his right hand.

He took only one ring; once he would have taken the whole tray. He was triumphant, but he was in danger. He ran quickly down the street to a passageway he knew of, leading to an alley and thence to another street, where he would be safe.

But suddenly a blue uniform loomed up, and an excited voice ordered the fugitive to stop. A pistol shot added force to the command. Muggsy was frightened. He darted into the passageway, the patrolman after him in full chase. A fence had been built there since last he came that way, and he was cornered.

Muggsy was a man of peace. The game was up, and he surrendered. When the turnkey searched him at the police station he still had the ring. It went into an envelope marked "Exhibit A."

There was a big docket in police court on Monday morning. An endless line of "drunks" shuffled out of the reeking "bull pen" and stood, nervously expectant, before the bench where the magnanimous Judge O'Rourke dispensed fines and imprisonment for the protection of society.

"Well, well!" ejaculated his honor, with a broad grin. "Not very cheerful this morning, Muggsy. What is it now, Mooney?"

"Burglary and larceny, your honor—at 'is old tricks—smashed a jewelry window an' copped a ring—a weddin' ring, too." The court officer smiled indulgently and the prosecuting attorney inspected the ring, while the clerk read the affidavit, and the spectators craned forward with interest—for the prisoner had many acquaintances present.

The proof was too easy. The prosecutor yawned, and held up the ring for the inspection of the court.

"Why didn't you take the rest?" he asked. "This ain't worth much, and there was a whole trayful."

"I didn't need any more," muttered Muggsy.

"Didn't need any more?" repeated the prosecutor, while the court attaches and police reporters showed signs of interest. "Then you confess to the theft?" he shrewdly added.

"Naw, I don't confess nothin'."

"Needed a wedding ring, did you, Muggsy?" queried his honor, with a smile that lit up the courtroom.

"That reminds me," remarked Lieut. O'Hara. "We found a marriage license in his clothes—Exhibit B over there. It's got his name on, too, only he says it's for a cousin as has the same name as he has, an' was to be married yesterday. I wonder—"

and while he was wondering, a light suffused his massive face.

Meanwhile a reporter was inspecting the marriage license. He was a tall, lean scribe, with a lazy, far-away look, and wore an eternal stogie in his mouth. He leaned over to the judge.

"The girl's name is Mary Ann Evans," he said. "Maybe she's here. She'd make a good witness."

spectators, and a little figure with curly hair and freckled face almost hidden beneath a faded shawl darted past the officer at the gate and stepped to the judge's bench. A young lad about to follow her was denied admittance.

Muggsy was abashed. His figure slumped back to its normal posture, and again he gazed at the floor.

"Please, sir, I'm here," faltered the figure under the shawl, while a pair of greenish-yellow eyes roved back and forth between judge and prisoner.

"Are you Mary Ann Evans?" asked his honor.

"Y-yes, sir. An' I came here this mornin' because Jimmy—that's my brother—seen in the paper that Muggsy was arrested, an' he said they'd try him this mornin'." An' I thought mebbe I could—do sumpin'—fer 'im."

Further elucidation was interrupted by the necessity for stopping a flow of tears with one corner of her shawl.

"Is it this man, or his cousin, that you were going to marry?" asked the judge.

Mary Ann checked an impulse to answer, and looked to the prisoner for guidance. Muggsy's eyes slowly rose from the floor, met hers, and read their honest appeal. That look shamed the duplicity out of him. He stepped nearer the judge, while the little group narrowed around the affianced pair, and he addressed the judge in a voice firm, but low, so that the curiosity-mongers beyond the railing might not hear.

"I'll tell ye the truth, yer honor," he said, "an' it'll be the first time I ever told it to ye. I lied w'en I said the license was fer me cousin, an' I lied about breakin' the windy by accident. This little girl had promised to marry me, yer honor, an' the weddin' was to 'a' been yesterday. An' w'en I happened to think how I didn't have no ring, an' how I needed one, and didn't have no money to buy one, nor nothin', w'y I don't know how it was, yer honor, but I just couldn't help forgettin' I'd reformed, an' gittin' a ring the best way I could. An' now I s'pose I got to go to the Works again, an' I don't care much, fer I don't s'pose Mary Ann'll have anything to do with me now—fer she's a decent, respectable girl, yer honor, an' not like me. Only, I don't know what she'll do, on account of bein' out of a job, an' nobody to take care of her. But it's all up now, an' you might as well give me the sentence right away, yer honor; fer there can't be no weddin', an' my job's lost, an' it's no use, I guess, tryin' to be decent."

"What job's that?" asked the prosecutor. The suggestion of Muggsy at work, following close upon the revelation of Muggsy in love, staggered him.

Thereupon the prisoner filled in the details of the story. His narrative was supplemented by the testimony of a policeman who recognized Mary Ann and had known her father.

"Are you still willing to marry him?" asked the judge, curiously.

"Why, of course!" and Mary Ann stared at him in surprise. "I know he'll never do such a thing again. An' I guess I can git along somehow till he gets out, an' gits another job."

"Well, in view of the circumstances, I won't make it so long as I otherwise would," began the judge, as he resumed his judicial air. "It will be—"

But the reportorial face had suddenly approached his honor's ear, and there was a quiet little conference, in which the prosecutor presently joined.

"It will be—ahem!"—resumed his honor, when the heads separated—"three months and costs." He paused, impressively. "And, in view of certain extenuating circumstances—the workhouse sentence is suspended during good behavior, and the fine to be paid at the convenience of the prisoner."

Muggsy stared stupidly.

"Go on!" said Mooney, nudging him good-naturedly. "No, not that way," as the prisoner started back toward the "bull pen." "Out here, with your girl. You're free, as long as you behave yourself. See?"

Muggsy saw, and with a radiant smile overspread his ugly face as he grasped Mary Ann's hand, and they turned away, too happy for speech.

"Wait a minute," whispered the tall reporter. "Your job?"

The smile faded.

"It was mighty hard to git, and now I've lost it," Muggsy faltered. "I was to report for work this mornin'."

"Won't you sign this, Judge?" asked the scribe.

His honor took from him the sheet of official court paper and read: Foreman of the — Foundry: The presence of Mr. Maguire has been required at an important trial this morning. He informs me that as a result of rendering the court this service he may lose the employment you have promised him. Allow me to request that his enforced absence may not deprive a deserving man of the means of earning a livelihood for himself and family.

A WOMAN'S ORDEAL

DREADS DOCTOR'S QUESTIONS

Thousands Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and Receive Valuable Advice Absolutely Confidential and Free

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions in regard to her private ills, even when those questions are asked by her family physician, and many



continue to suffer rather than submit to examinations which so many physicians propose in order to intelligently treat the disease; and this is the reason why so many physicians fail to cure female disease.

This is also the reason why thousands upon thousands of women are corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. To her they can confide every detail of their illness, and from her great knowledge, obtained from years of experience in treating female ills, Mrs. Pinkham can advise sick women more wisely than the local physician.

Read how Mrs. Pinkham helped Mrs. T. C. Willadsen of Manning, Ia. She writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that you have saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude in words. Before I wrote to you telling you how I felt, I had doctored for over two years, and spent lots of money in medicines besides, but it all failed to do me any good. I had female trouble and would daily have fainting spells, backache, bearing-down pains, and my monthly periods were very irregular and finally ceased. I wrote to you for your advice and received a letter full of instructions just what to do, and also commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I have been restored to perfect health. Had it not been for you I would have been in my grave to-day."

Mountains of proof establish the fact that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for restoring women's health.

A Matter of Courtesy, Merely. Mr. Nerve—The object of my call upon you this evening, Mr. Goldrox—Mr. Goldrox (sternly)—Yes, you've come to tell me that you wish to marry my daughter and I want to say right here and now—

"Pardon me. I come to tell you that I am going to marry your daughter. I convinced her and her mother that it was no more than fair to put you wise."—Philadelphia Press.

FACE ALL BROKEN OUT. Troubled Almost a Year—Complexion Now Perfect and Skin Soft, White and Velvety.

"I had been troubled with a breaking out on my face and arms for almost a year and had the services of several physicians, but they didn't seem to do any good. Some time ago one of my friends recommended Cuticura to me. I secured some, and after using it several months I was completely cured. I can highly recommend Cuticura Soap as being the very best complexion Soap made. It creates a perfect complexion, leaving the skin soft, white and velvety. I now use Cuticura Soap all the time and recommend its use to my friends. Maud Loggins, R. F. D. No. 1, Sylvia, Tenn., Aug. 1, 1905."

Laconic. She wrote: "Circumstances over which I have no control compel me to reject your offer of marriage. Yours, etc."

He wired: "What circumstances? Reply prepaid." She wired: "Yours. Collect."—Cleveland Leader.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Just a Tip. Miss Country Maid—I was reading in a magazine that in the city hotels one often sees palms about the dining rooms. What kind of palm is the most prominent?

Mr. Dineout—The waiter's.—Chicago Daily News.

Best in Existence. "I sincerely believe, all things considered, Hunt's Lightning Oil is the most useful and valuable household remedy in existence. For Cuts, Burns, Sprains and Insect Bites it has no equal, so far as my experience goes."

G. E. Huntington, Eufaula, Ala. It makes a man of 30 feel awfully old to hear a boy of 16 talking about the things he used to do when he was a kid.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to the 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill. Hot air is always succeeded by a cold wave.

ALMOST A CATASTROPHE.

Exuberance of Love Spasmodically Manifested Results in Mortification.

She was seated in the gloaming, a happy smile on her pretty, pensive face, when her elderly aunt entered. Then, as she looked upon the kind old face, a feeling rushed upon her that she must share her wonderful news with somebody—she must let someone into the secret which till then had been the sole possession of herself and Harold. She sprang up and flung her arms about her aunt's neck.

"Oh, auntie," she cried impulsively, "you do love me, don't you? Kiss me, auntie, and tell me you do—kiss me!"

But only an alarming gurgle came from the old lady for a moment. Then she said, gasping indignantly:

"Kiss you, if you ain't careful I'll shake the life out of you. You very nearly made me swallow my teeth!"

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1905. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Bum Restaurant. "Paw, what's that orchestra playing here for?" "Money, Tommy. They couldn't possibly be playing for the kind of meal they would get here."—Chicago Tribune.

Where Others Failed. "Each spring for five or six years I broke out with a kind of Eczema which nothing seemed to relieve permanently. Finally I tried a box of Hunt's Cure, which promptly cured me. Two years have passed by but the trouble has not returned."

Mrs. Kate Howard, Little Rock, Ark. Charitable Player. By some means a mother and daughter managed to gain access to Paderewski's sanctum. The mother was proud of her daughter and the daughter had aspirations. She desired Paderewski's opinion of her skill. Paderewski listened, or appeared to, while the mother beat time approvingly. At last, with a final crash, the girl rose from the stool and the mother flushed with pleasure. "Tell me," she whispered to the artist, "tell me in confidence. What do you think of her?"

Amiably the artist rubbed his hands together. "I think she must be very charitable. Surely she leteth not her left hand know what her right hand doeth."

No Whiskers. "How immaculate everything is kept around that soda fountain." "Yes, even the ice is freshly shaved every hour."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Easier to Do. "Some o' de gloomy conversation," said Uncle Eben, "is caused by de fact dat it's easier to talk hard times dan it is to do hard work."—Washington Star.

Test Its Value. "Simmons' Liver Purifier is the most valuable remedy I ever tried for constipation and disordered liver. It does its work thoroughly, but does not gripe like most remedies of its character. I certainly recommend it whenever the opportunity occurs."

M. M. Tomlinson, Oswego, Kas. Her Legal Status. The Dominie—Are you your mother's little darling?

Baby Ethel—Only half the time. You see the court decided that papa was to have me for six months every year.—The Wasp.

This Is No Joke. Hunt's Cure has saved more people from the "Old Scratch" than any other known agent, simply because it makes scratching entirely unnecessary. One application relieves any form of itching skin disease that ever afflicted mankind. One box guaranteed to cure any one case.

Concrete Definition. Tommy—Paw, what is pessimism? Mr. Tucker—It's—It's something like rheumatism, Tommy.—Chicago Tribune.

WANTED FOR UNITED STATES ARMY: Able-bodied, unmarried men, between ages of 21 and 35; citizens of United States, of good character and temperate habits, who can speak, read and write English. For information apply to Recruiting Officer, Post Office Building, Oklahoma, Guthrie, Shawnee, Enid, O. T., or Tulsa, I. T.

The original chauffeurs, it seems, were robbers. Which is another instance showing the descent of man.

The man who talks about civic righteousness ought to keep his own backyard clean.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. cigar—made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill. Many a fellow has made his mark by making a mark of some other fellow.

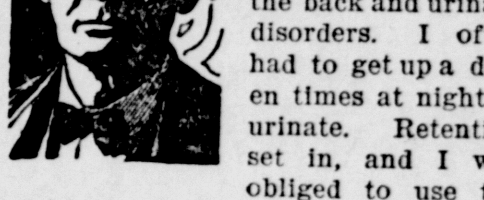
The chief end of man is to make both ends meet.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. A friend in need will keep you broke.

IN CONSTANT AGONY.

A West Virginian's Awful Struggle Through Kidney Troubles.

W. L. Jackson, merchant, of Parkersburg, W. Va., says: "Driving about in bad weather brought kidney troubles on me, and I suffered twenty years with sharp, cramping pains in the back and urinary disorders. I often had to get up a dozen times at night to urinate. Retention set in, and I was obliged to use the



catheter. I took to my bed, and the doctors failing to help, began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The urine soon came freely again, and the pain gradually disappeared. I have been cured eight years, and though over 70, am as active as a boy."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NUGGETS OF KNOWLEDGE. There are ladies' smoking cars on English railways.

Alligator, a popular native dish in India, tastes like veal.

The wood used in the best pianos has been seasoned 40 years.

Those who reach 30 in good health are likely, statistics show, to last to 73.

Over 200,000 pounds of human hair, valued at \$500,000, is sold annually in Paris.

The majority of criminals can draw and paint. That is why artists can rarely get credit.

In many parts of Switzerland the government buries the dead, supplying coffins and undertaker free of cost.

Position Filled. Willie Gusher—Just let me press one kiss on those coral lips? Sweet Singer—Sir, I already have a press agent.—Chicago ally News.

When wisdom doesn't declare dividends we call it "folly."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and house flies. One 25c. box lasts the entire season. Harmless to persons, clean, neat and will not soil or injure anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. If not kept by dealers, sent prepaid for 50c. Harold Somers, 149 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

It afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

PILES NO MONEY TILL CURED. SEND FOR FREE LITERATURE OR RETURN DISCOUNTS. WITH NAMES OF PROMINENT MEN CURED. DR. THORNTON & MINOR—1030 OAK ST. KANSAS CITY, MO. (BRANCH OFFICE AT ST. LOUIS)

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE. A Certain Cure for Tired, Hot, Aching Feet. DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE IS A MARVEL OF ART

Our Cotton Gin Machinery is all that the Catalogue claims for it.—Write us for Catalogue—and tell us what Machinery you are in need of.

CONTINENTAL GIN COMPANY, DALLAS, TEXAS

DON'T NEGLECT CONSTIPATION

It is one of the commonest causes of all diseases. Don't take drugs to remedy it. Eat daily

DR. PRICE'S WHEAT FLAKE CEREAL FOOD

which contains the whole wheat grain and does not only help to keep the bowels regular, but puts you in possession of good blood, healthy skin, and gives nourishment to the whole body. On a meal of this Food you can go the longest without the feelings of hunger than any other articles of diet known. It never causes indigestion. One package, at a cost of ten cents, is equal in nourishment to three loaves of bread.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price.



W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES & SELLS MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD.

\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement. It could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, \$2.50, \$2.00, Boys' School & Dress Shoes, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.75, \$1.50. CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brass. Write for Illustrated Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Are you from Kentucky?

If you are—you surely want to go back for Kentucky Homecoming Week at Louisville June 13th to 17th

For this occasion the M. K. & T. R'y will sell excursion tickets at Very Low Rates June 11th, 12th and 13th

Good for thirty days. You can't afford to miss this great reunion—this commemorative event of all that is dear in story and song of the "Old Kentucky Home."

See the M. K. & T. Agent for particulars about rates and trains.

W. S. ST. GEORGE General Passenger Agent, M. K. & T. R'y St. Louis, Missouri. GEO. S. STEIN, D. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.

THE MKT

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 22, 1906

FREE on every box. Le Roy, N. Y.

DR. PRICE'S WHEAT FLAKE CEREAL FOOD

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Ada Evening News

OTIS B. WEAVER, PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MGR.

Entered as second-class mail matter March 26, 1904, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application

LOCAL NEWS

W. C. Duncan is in Tupelo today.
Frank Jones went to Wewoka today.
Judge Bledsoe, of Ardmore, is in the city.

W. W. Patterson came in from Francis today.

A good milk cow for sale. See W. A. Alexander. 89-2t

T. P. Holt is transacting business in Sulphur today.

P. C. Miller, of Ardmore, is visiting friends in Ada.

Miss Aline Shands has returned from a visit at Madill.

J. W. Beard is transacting business in Ardmore today.

Col. Epp Wells is up from Roff today attending the county Union.

Old clothing made new at Chitwood's the Tailor, over Rollow Bld. 89-4t

WANTED.—Room and board with private family for man and wife. Phone 49. 90-2t

The Ada Star printing and publishing plant is being moved to the old Nickel Store stand.

Otis Weaver who on last Tuesday suffered a relapse from his recent spell of illness is improving again.

Our friend R. C. Slocum, called Thursday and kindly ordered the News sent to his kinsman, A. G. Richards, of Rutledge, Mo.

Dick Floyd, Harry Kyser, Tom Reed and Albert and Lee Nettles returned from a three days fish on Boggy today. They report a catch of 150 pounds.

John W. Dale, former editor of the Star, left Thursday evening for Amarillo, Texas, where he has secured a good position with a newspaper at that point.

The big meeting in the tent on the Rollow lot will open tonight. The tent is up and the bible preacher is ready. Much is expected at this meeting. Everybody come out.

W. C. Westcott and wife came in from Oklahoma City today where they attended the funeral of their little granddaughter who was fatally burned on Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Waggoner and children, of Mollott, Indiana, and Miss Mary Harbaugh, of Frankfort, Indiana, came in over the Frisco Wednesday evening, for a month's visit with their sister Mrs. A. H. Constant.

W. M. Wilson, one of the most substantial farmers of the Francis neighborhood was a News visitor today and paid us his respects to the amount of one dollar. Mr. Wilson states that the crop conditions are exceedingly fine and the prospects of a bumper crop never were brighter.

Mrs. W. B. Haynes entertained the following at her home on Broadway last evening. Misses Mildred and Pink Timberlake, Lola and Lula, Weaver, and Messrs. Holt, Timberlake and Carlton Weaver. Refreshments were delicious, which together with music by the Misses Weaver made the evening very pleasant.

Applications Disapproved.

Muskogee, I. T., July 5.—Applications of the following named persons of the Five Civilized Tribes for the removal of the restrictions have been disapproved by the Secretary of the Interior: Choctaws—Catherine McIntosh, Enterprise; Charles Thompson, Tahlequah; Jincy Boscomb, Quinton. Cherokees—David Hendricks, Ochelata; George W. Burr, Vera; Joseph Woodward, Tahlequah; Sterling Hood, Checotah; Betsy Bixby, Texanna; James Daugherty, Vinita; Chickasaws—Simon Shields, Allen. Creek—Frank Hosmer, Muskogee.

Do You Need Shoes?

If you want a pair of Shoes that combine style, elegance and individuality with the best leather and excellent workmanship, why not try ours? You will be satisfied with your selection. The latest correct styles for men, women and children.

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man.

NICKNAMES INCREASE.

Fancy Names for The New State are Abundant.

Guthrie, Okla., July 6.—Nearly one hundred nicknames have been suggested since the inauguration of popular voting contests for the selection of a suitable familiar title for the state of Oklahoma.

The Eagle State is leading in popularity and is backed by Governor Frantz and a majority of territorial officials. The Ok. State is next in favor on account of its terseness and because it implies what every Oklahoman feels, "we are Ok."

The Banner state has its share of supporters, while the Indian State, commemorating the Indian and the Indian Territory is also in the race.

Many and amusing are the titles that have come to light. A Guthrie man says the Papoose State is the best ever, inasmuch as it means the baby state, carries the Indian sentiment and indicates that the state is next to the heart as the Indian mother holds her babe.

A wit from Indian Territory says the "Peruna" state is appropriate in view of the prohibition clause.

From an Enid politician who was removed from office the trite "Affidavit State" is suggested.

Other names are: Boomer, Sooner, Rustler, Hustler, United State, Twin State, Mistletoe State, Flag Day State, Joint State, Sequoyah, Wonderful State and others.

HENRYETTA MAN DISAPPEARS.

Police of the Two Kansas City's Searching for Him.

Kansas City, July 6.—The police of the two city's are searching for J. D. McLaughlin, of Henryetta, I. T., who came here June 27, to have his eyes treated.

Last Sunday he left the Drexel hotel, his boarding place, and since then no trace of him can be found.

McLaughlin is said to be a Scotchman and talks with an accent. He is about five feet five or six inches tall has dark sandy hair and blue eyes. When last seen he wore a black derby hat, dark sack coat and vest and light trousers. His clothing bear no laundry marks, but one collar shows that he bought it in Fresno, Cal. He is said to have traveled much.

CARRIE ORDERED ARRESTED.

Publishing Obscene Matter in the "Hatchet" is Charged.

Guthrie, Ok., July 6.—John W. Scott, acting United States Attorney, Thursday issued an order for the arrest of Mrs. Carrie A. Nation, the well-known temperance worker, on a charge of publishing obscene matter in her paper, The Hatchet, and sending it through the mails. United States Marshal Abernathy has the warrant for her arrest. The article which caused the arrest outlines to boys full information of a private character, with the view of teaching them to lead pure lives.

TWO STOCKMEN KILLED.

Freight Trains Collide on Rock Island in Kansas.

Topeka, Kan., July 6.—Two stockmen were killed and two seriously injured in a rear-end collision on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway near Maple Hill, Kan., early Thursday. The engineer and fireman of the rear train saved their lives by jumping. The dead:

Thomas Johnson, Duncan, I. T.
James Carson, Lindsay, I. T.
The injured:
James Lindsay, Ryan, I. T.; John Cogg, Ryan, I. T.

OKLAHOMA CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Chief Engineer McWillie Says Road is Not Rock Island Project.

Denison, Tex., July 6.—R. L. McWillie, chief engineer for the Oklahoma Central, and Thomas Halsell, of Bonham, who is interested in the road, were in Denison Thursday to have an apparatus constructed with which to sound Red river.

Mr. McWillie stated that the Oklahoma Central will go to Paris and will not touch either Denison or Bonham. Mr. McWillie is also authority for the statement that the Rock Island is not back of the Oklahoma Central and that it is an entirely independent line.

Teachers Will Meet in Shawnee.

Oklahoma City, O. T., July 6.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the teachers' associations of Oklahoma and Indian Territory held in this city, the purpose of which was to select the place and time for holding the regular annual meeting, it was decided to hold the meeting in Shawnee December 26, 27 and 28.

The two associations will meet in joint session and the most important feature of the meeting will be the consolidation of both bodies. An invitation will be extended to Senator Beveridge and Senator Bailey to attend and talk on education. Another meeting of the executive committee will be held on August 15 in this city.

BIG SHOW.

At the Opera House Thursday night July 5

The three distinguished young actresses, the Payton Sisters, and their big dramatic and vaudeville company will be seen at the opera house Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. The company numbers 17 people and includes some of the highest salaried stock actors in the country. They were billed to open the new theatre in Sulphur this week and owing to the fact that it was not completed on schedule time the company was secured for here. They will produce three of the best plays, opening with Mark E. Swan's "The Unwritten Law." Besides this will play a complete vaudeville show will be given between acts consisting of the newest singing, dancing, novelty and comedy specialties. The prices will be only 25, 35 and 50 cents. 87-4t

Licensed to Wed.

The following license to marry have been issued by Deputy Constant since June 27th. Steve Richardson to Patty Walters, Conway; W. S. Patterson to Sally Ussery, Oakman; Jim Mullins, of Lula to Emma Daniels, Coalgate; J. T. Elkins to Gera Keltner, Stonewall; Ed Foster to Perri Ellison, Midland; William Howard, of Asher to Maud Fullerton, of Ada; J. F. Anderson to Ella Findley, of Ada; Dan Jordan, to Alice Coleman, Ada; L. D. Onese, of Roff, to Alice Carter, Dolberg; W. E. Williams to Katse Wall, Roff; C. R. Porter to May Price, Ada; Lee Key to Erey Lewis, Hickory; Geo. Beel to Onnse Young, Globe; C. H. Dismukes to Mrs. S. E. Morrison, Konawa; J. C. Heffington, of Floyd, New Mexico, to Cora A. Staggs, Ahlosa; Amcah McClain to Mattie Anderson, Conway; D. M. Echard to Myrtle McBride Konawa.

Rebuked by a "Mammy."

In exclusive New York circles they are telling how an old colored "mammy" the other day unintentionally administered a rebuke to her mistress, who belongs to an amazing number of clubs. The family has a mansion in one of the suburbs. The privileged old servant does not altogether approve of some methods of the modern woman.

One day her mistress had a dozen club friends out to luncheon in her home, and the feast was spread on the porch. By and by the hostess heard a lively colloquy between her eldest hopeful, seven years old, and the nurse. "You just git down outen dat tree," said the nurse. "You want to fall out and kill yourself, do you? Well, you just try it and see what good it'll do you. Your mother, she dat busy right now she won't even hab time to go to your funeral."—K. C. Journal.

24 Out of 25.

Pocahontas, Ark., Feb. 17, 1905. "Ship 5 gross Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure. I have been selling your Chill Cure for seven years and find that 24 out of 25 who once use it will have no other. W. H. Skinner, druggist." Sold by G. M. Ramsey, Drug Co.

Notice.

Know all parties by these presents: That Fred Hutsie is no longer in my employ. All parties are hereby notified not to pay any bills for services as Scavenger presented by him.

90-1t Ed Smith, City Scavenger.

FOR RENT.—Two furnished rooms Mrs. Dr. Shands. 89-3t

WANTED.—A lot of nice plums at the News office. Mrs. M. D. Steiner.

HELP WANTED.

No Energy. No Will Power. No Ambition. Losing Confidence in Self and the Confidence of Friends or Employers.

A State of Health That Needs Prompt Treatment to Ward Off Serious Disease.

Do you notice a large reduction in your vital energy? Are you losing hold on your place in the social world? Is your strength gone, constitution weak, appetite poor, digestion deranged, bowels costive, with uneasiness and symptoms of derangement in the region of the kidneys? Such a condition is the preliminary to Bright's Disease or some other serious kidney trouble. If this describes the state of your body, we urge upon you prompt action before your health is entirely beyond recovery. Prickly Ash Bitters is the remedy you need; it has a four-fold restorative effect. It stimulates the torpid liver, restores health in the stomach, strengthens and cures the kidneys, and through its peculiar yet agreeable laxative character it clinches the good work by thoroughly cleansing the bowels. It is a certain remedy for kidney and liver diseases.

Accept no substitute. Insist on having the genuine Prickly Ash Bitters with the large figure 8 in red on the front label.

Sold by Druggists, Price \$1.00 per bottle.

JUDGE US

by our Soda. It has made hundreds of regular customers for us in the past. No expense has been spared to make it perfect—the most DELICIOUS BEVERAGE that can be produced. Our syrups are from FRESH FRUIT. They are PURE. A menu of one hundred cold drinks and you will like them all.

Mason Drug Co.

Telephone 55.
Ada, - I. T.

A Tragic Finish.

A watchman's neglect permitted a leak in the Great North Sea dyke, which a child's finger could have stopped, to become a ruinous break, devastating an entire province of Holland. In like manner Kenneth McIver, of Vanceboro, Me., permitted a little cold to go unnoticed until a tragic finish was only averted by Dr. King's New Discovery. He writes: "Three doctors gave me up to die of lung inflammation, caused by a neglected cold; but Dr. King's New Discovery saved my life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure at G. M. Ramsey & Dr. F. Z. Holley, druggists. 50c and \$1.00; Trial bottle free.

Reed & Harrison
Wholesale and Retail Buggies

The Best Makes, the Lowest Prices

I have opened the
Twelfth Street Meat Market

and ask a share of your patronage. Nothing but the best of meats will be carried and your patronage will be given the most careful attention.

C. L. HICKEY.



Eyes Tested and Glasses Fitted
C. J. Warren, Optician

Advertisement for C. J. Warren, Optician, featuring an illustration of an eye and text describing eye examinations and prescriptions.

A Full Line of
May Manton Bazar
PATTERNS
10c each. Catalogues 10c. Fashion Sheet Free.

These patterns are the best that can be purchased anywhere at any price.

Reed & Harrison

Advertisement for New Dairy, featuring an illustration of a cow and text describing fresh milk and cream.

R. L. McGUYRE, Phone No. 193.

LOANS

Correct Neat Abstracts of Title at Reasonable Prices

ADA TITLE and TRUST CO.

W. H. EBEBY, Pres and Manager,

ADA, IND. TER.

"HOT,
'AINT
IT?"

Said the mosquito as he made a side step at the open-work shirt waist. But then we always have hot weather in the summer time, and there is no use growling about it. This is the season for...

FRESH FRUITS
ELBERTA PEACHES
CANTALOUPE
WATERMELONS

and we have 'em.

Jones & Meaders

HENRY M. FURMAN.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.

Office in Duncan Building.

C. A. Galbraith Tom D. McKeown

GALBRAITH & McKEOWN
LAWYERS

Over Citizens National Bank
Ada, Ind. Ter.

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

Is given up to be best. Do

Largest Agency Work

of any plant in this Territory.

Geo. A. Truitt,
Engineer and Land Surveyor
Office Rear Ada National Bank.

Prompt and Careful Attention
Given to All Work
Entrusted.

MISS NELLIE KENNEDY,
TRAINED NURSE.

Konawa - - - Ind. Ter.

Phone No. 33.

The
NICKEL
STORE

Where You Save Money
on Everything.

A full car load of Crockery landed in the Nickel Store a few days since. In this lot there are a lot of things you will be interested in; may be not because of what they are, but because you can buy them so cheap.

Milk Pans or Cocks 6c
1 gal. 12c
Cocks, 2 gal.

Tall Jars, up to and including 6 gallon sizes, cost you 6c per gallon. You will find the tall jars particularly nice for putting up your pickles, etc.

Come here for your Fruit Jars. Fruit Jars, Ball Mason patent, with tops and rubbers, 1/2 gallon size, 85c dozen.

Extra Rubbers for fruit jars, 5c dozen.

Extra Tops with Rubbers, 25c dozen

Jelly Glasses with tin covers, 25c dozen.

A few mentionings in
TINWARE

Lipped preserve ket-tles, wire bail or handle, 10c, 14c, 18c, 20c.

Pot covers, ringed, hemmed, full size, only 5c.

Stamped dish pans, 10c and 15c.

Combination nutmeg and vegetable grater, loop handle, only 9c.

Extra heavy dairy pails, 10 qt., 20c; 12 qt., 25c.

Japaned bread or cake boxes, cover fastens with a hasp. You will save enough bread or cake in a month to pay for one.

Galvanized pails make the best all around bucket, 10 qt., 15c; 12 qt., 20c.

WOODEN WARE

Rolling pins, 10c.
Potato mashers, 5c.
Butter ladles, 5c.
Butter moulds, 5c.
Vegetable slicers, 10c.
Clothes pins, 3 doz 5c.
Tooth picks, 3 pkgs. 10c.

Cups and saucers, 50c values, a set 39c.

Dinner plates, 50c values, a set 35c.

8 inch platters, 15c values, each 10c.

7 inch oval meat dishes, 15c values, each 10c.

Fine American China cups and saucers, decorated, \$1.25 values, per set 75c.

Dinner sets of the same goods, a set 75c.

White granite milk pitchers, 29c, 35c, 44c.

UMBRELLAS

A very nice assortment for ladies or gentlemen. Not the extra fancy kinds at fancy prices, but serviceable and dependable, 39c, 50c, 60c, \$1.00, \$1.20. Special fan sale. Japanese folding fans, 10c.

Arm & Hammer brand soda, 4 lb. pkgs. for 25c. K. C. baking powder, two 15 oz. cans for 25c.

2 oz. boxes Bag Blueing two boxes 5c.

Giant or Eagle Lve, 4 cans, 25c.

Silk Laundry soap, 8 cakes, 25c.

Wire fly traps, all metal, 15c.

Tanglefoot sticky fly paper, 2 double sheets 5c.

Jelly glasses with tin covers, 24c per doz.

The
Nickel Store.

The 5c and 10c store
of Ada, I. T.

S. M. Shaw, Prop

New location on Main street third door west of Rollow's corner.

Phone 77.

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow:

Fair. Warmer.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 82 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 7, 1906

NUMBER 91

Among the modern luxuries are

Kirschbaum Suits

in tropical wears and weights for hot weather. All the style and fit of regular full-lined garments. Serges and worsteds; quarter-lined with mohair or pongee silk. Skeleton construction, firm, shape-retaining and cool. Ask for Kirschbaum clothes. (warranted.)

\$15.00 to \$30.00

Wear the eastern styles. We are sole agents for A. B. Kirschbaum & Company in Ada.

Scott-Hoard Co.

THEY MET, THEY COURTED, AND THEY MARRIED

F. J. Stubbs a popular hardware drummer, who frequents Ada, out of Kansas City, is in town and through the kindness of a good friend we have the following to tell on him:

He got on the train at Denison on Friday June 29 and as he made his way up the aisle of a crowded coach he found only one vacant seat, this one opposite one occupied by a very beautiful woman. She had same filled with grips bundles etc, but kindly removed them for the gentlemen in quest of a seat. She two rode several miles without passing a single word, but finally the silence was broken and right then and there a conversation began that told each of an experience of love at first sight.

The train soon stopped at Durant to which place both were bound. They were about to part, but something said no. The man's soul had been set on fire; the woman's heart had found and conquered. "May I call this evening," said the traveling man, who was about ready to acknowledge his willingness to surrender, or rather, "propose" terms. The beautiful young woman, a Kentucky belle of 19, at first refused, but before taking

many steps turned about and blushingly said, "yes you may." The man of the road, saw her at the appointed time, at her aunt's home, and on the next evening, (for he did not see all his customers) he repeated the visit. This time he bade her good-bye with the understanding that he should meet her at the picnic at Coalgate on Wednesday July 4th. They met. They married. The bride returned to Durant to resume her visit with relatives. They were to meet in Shawnee this afternoon. She will accompany him on his commercial rounds for several days, when she will leave for a short visit to her home in Fulton, Ky.

The bride was Miss Frankie Platt, and has been spending the spring and summer with her father in Southern Texas. The father left Texas at the same time, but went a different route in order to make some business stopovers. If this quill-pusher had to suggest a moral in the above he would say: Fathers, travel with your daughters.

WANTED.—Room and board with private family for man and wife. Phone 49.

FARMERS' UNION IN QUARTERLY SESSION

The quarterly meeting of the 16th Recording District organization of the F. E. & C. U. of A. convened at Ada last Thursday at 2 p. m., President G. W. Black in the chair. Something over 40 locals were represented, each by from one to six delegates. There were in all sixty-four delegates in attendance.

The paramount subject for consideration at this meeting was the establishment of a cotton warehouse, either at Ada or some other convenient place; the patronage of such warehouse to be extended to all farmers and cotton men.

Friday afternoon the body went into an election of officers which resulted as

follows: President O. W. Taylor, of Roff; Vice-pres., G. W. Black, of Ada; Sec.-Treas., A. L. Miles, of Roff; conductor, W. W. Norton, of Ada; Chaplain, J. M. Caves, of Roff; Executive committee—E. C. Sullivan, of Ada, W. V. Smith, of Roff, and N. S. Olive, of Allen; Doorkeeper, W. O. Allen, Roff; Delegates to state meeting, J. D. Looper, of Ada, and W. O. Allen, of Roff.

After their election the officers were duly installed by vice president J. A. Durbin. At 12 o'clock Friday night the meeting adjourned to meet on Thursday before the first Saturday in October at the town of Roff.

POLITICS DOESN'T COUNT; IT'S COUNTY SEAT FIGHTS

Muskogee, I. T., June 7.—Several delegations which have been here within the past few days to see the districting commission have developed a new turn in the situation so far as making districts for the constitutional convention is concerned. Instead of its being a sharp fight to obtain political majorities, it has developed into a fight by towns to be located as nearly as possible in the center of a district. This advantage of towns seems to have absorbed interest in the political situation to an unexpectedly large extent.

The reasons for this are apparent. Each town interested wants to be located as nearly as possible in the center of a district and thereby be almost sure to elect the constitutional delegate, and get the convention for nominating him held in that town. Again, new counties must be formed, and most of the delegations here are of the opinion that the constitutional districts will have a good deal to do with the future county lines. Therefore, a town located in the center of a district stands a good chance of becoming a county seat in the final struggle.

The general expression of the men who have been here on this mission has been, "we want a delegate to the convention who can do things and can get what he wants for his district or town, and this is a more important matter to us than whether the dele-

gate shall be a democrat or republican."

This sentiment is the first surprising political situation since the statehood bill passed.

The statement that the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations had been apportioned to Judge Clayton, the Cherokee to Judge Gill, and the Creek and Seminole to Tams Bixby to district, is denied.

The commissioners state that they find that it is absolutely impossible to ascertain the political complexion of the districts from which people come to talk the matter over from these people. They do not know. They also state that it is clear that it is going to be a hard task to approximate the population of the districts. This is likely to lead to some districts having a much heavier population than others, but if so it will be because there is no way to determine accurately.

The members of the commission are of the opinion that an average population in the districts will be 14,000 for each district. It may be higher than that, however. In case 14,000 is the standard Muskogee will get two delegates to the constitutional convention, having over 21,000 population. It will be the only town in the territory that will have population enough to be divided into two districts.

"THE CITIZENS' CLUB" WILL EDUCATE THE VOTERS

At 8:30 o'clock Saturday morning July 7th, 1906, a body composed of some of the best citizens from almost every section of the 16th Recording District met at Ada, I. T.

The meeting was called to order by Rev. J. M. Caves, who, upon request, stated the object of the meeting, which was: That a club be organized in and for the 16th Rec. Dist. in furtherance and for the protection of the people of the future state of Oklahoma. It was stated that the club organized should be non-political and that all men who desired to cooperate and use their efforts to bring about a better knowledge and understanding of the science of government in a way that would enable the masses of the people to intelligent-

ly vote upon the constitutional questions soon to be submitted to them, might become members.

A permanent organization was perfected and the following officers elected: Rev. J. M. Caves, Pres.; J. D. Looper, Vice Pres.; W. C. Jones, Treas., and Joel Terrell, Sec.

The organization was named "The Citizens' Club" and is to have sub-organizations throughout the District.

It is the intention of the club to hold frequent meetings in every community for the purpose of educating and familiarizing the people with public issues.

Several well received speeches were made and at 11:30 the club adjourned to meet on the 1st Saturday in August.

ENDED HIS TROUBLES BY THE ROPE ROUTE

After several days of despondency J. E. Triplett, Friday afternoon at Fitzhugh terminated his troubles by hanging himself.

The suicide is a right well known merchant, of Fitzhugh, about 45 years old. Fearing self-violence on his part, his friends for several days had carefully guarded him. However, about 2:30 o'clock Friday he gave them the slip and soon after his body was discovered dangling in the barn, life just extinct. Physicians were summoned, but their efforts to resuscitate were futile.

Frantz on the Defensive.

Guthrie, O. T., July 7.—Inspectors McLaughlin and Burns who are conducting the investigation into the personal and official record of Governor Frantz, arrived in this city today. As soon as Governor Frantz returns from Snyder, where he inspected the irrigation system, they will give him a chance to present his side of the case and to defend himself. It is said that new material has been placed in the hands of the inspectors recently. Governor Frantz is expected home early tomorrow morning, when he will be given a hearing.

NEW STATE GETS MORE RURAL FREE DELIVERY

Washington.—Three new rural free delivery routes have been ordered established in Oklahoma effective August 15, and one in Indian Territory, effective Sept. 1. While the increase in the number of rural routes has been steady in Oklahoma, the new route authorized today for Indian Territory is the first one in some months. It will give that Territory a total of 18 rural routes. The newly authorized routes are as follows:

Busch, Roger Mills county (Route No. 6). Length of route, 23 miles, population served, 360; number of houses

on route, 86. Colony, Washita county (Route No. 2) length of route, 26 miles; population served, 360; number of houses on route, 90.

Hydro, Caddo county (Route No. 4) length of route, 23 3/4 miles; population served, 420; number of houses on route, 105.

Konawa, Dist., 4, Ind. Ter. (Route No. 1) length of route 20 3/4 miles; population served 480; number of houses on route 120.

FOR RENT.—Two furnished rooms Mrs. Dr. Shands. 89-3t



WE ARE NOW

Turning out the finest ice cream in this section of country. It is a home product, even the ice that freezes it. When these conditions are facts why not use home manufactured cream?

CRYSTAL ICE CREAM COMPANY



IT KEEPS US BUSY

serving soda water. It just seems that old as well as young keep on buying it. It's because soda water we draw never disappoints you. Each glass we sell confirms a customer who tells others that increases our trade and is why we're busy.

We also sell Sangoosa Mineral Wells Water, Eureka Springs Water and Ginger Ale in bottles.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist. (Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed.

How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured?

A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave., Phone 64.

OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some rare bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building. :: 12th and Broadway.

Patronize Home Industry

By Buying Ice From

Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Keep Your Money at Home.

We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.

Phone 249. Office at Ice Plant.

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank.

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500. Ada, Ind. Ter

ADA EVENING NEWS.

ADA, IND. TER.

Road of the Graft.

The road of the grafter is not an easy one. The temptation to graft is insidious, and men who mean to conduct themselves with honesty and dignity may be betrayed into it. "Modern business methods" is a sufficiently euphonious term to fool a brisk and ambitious man not too much given to reflection or self-examination. And all goes well for a time. The bank account increases, the man feels himself to be shrewd and influential; he is able to put his family "at the top of the heap," honors come easily to him, and young men are flattered to be associated with him in business. Then, says The Reader, the exposure comes. Those that have trusted him know him for what he is; his own specious plea of "the modern business method" sounds strangely inadequate even to himself. His name, which he hoped to see associated in the minds of men with great enterprises, and which he expected his sons to use as a sort of "open sesame," becomes, suddenly, the synonym for dishonesty, greed and failure. The grafter has, perhaps, thought himself hardened. He finds, to his dismay, that he is not. Shame awakens; conscience no longer sleeps. The dreams of his ambitious youth come to haunt him. He would give his fortune, many times duplicated, for the innocence and integrity of his early manhood. He is not a bad man—he can suffer, he can be ashamed, he can long for innocence. Perhaps, on reflection, there are no bad men. At any rate, the grafter has shown himself capable of dying broken-hearted, or of going, a melancholy lunatic, to the asylum for the insane. His career requires stern metal. Let him who enters it be sure that his conscience is dead, his family pride buried, his self-respect quenched, and that he is obdurate to the reproachful tears of the women who love him! Having made quite, quite sure of all this, one might adopt a grafting career in an expectant spirit.

Balm for Baldheads.

Simultaneously, from two independent sources, has come striking testimony of the virtues of the hairless head. It is stated that there are no bald criminals and that there are no bald lunatics. Neither statement is laid down as absolute or infallible, but it is claimed that there are only just sufficient exceptions to prove the rule. The authority regarding the first statement is J. T. Riley, a magistrate of the Halifax bench, who said in court that he had only met with two bald "charges" in his 23 years' experience. With regard to the second statement, Rev. H. M. Neild, of Bradford, quotes "a head official" of the Rainhill asylum who assured him that he would never need the hospitality of that institution as he was quite bald. It is difficult to find authorities in London who wholeheartedly bear out these two theses. A gentleman who frequently visits Bethlehem hospital in an official capacity says: "My impression of the lunatics I meet there is that they are usually a shaggy race." An experienced police inspector bore out to a great extent Mr. Riley's statement about the lack of baldheaded criminals, but he advanced a commonplace explanation. "Criminals," he said, "are notoriously a short-lived race. I admit I have seen very few baldheaded men in this chargineroom, but by the time a criminal reaches the bald-headed period of life he has either died or has reformed. There is one notable exception, however, that was Charles Peace, the murderer and burglar."

Stimulating Reading.

We cannot help living in some degree the lives of heroes who are constantly in our minds. Our characters are constantly being modified, shaped and molded by the suggestions which are thus held. The most helpful life stories for the average youth, says Success Magazine, are not the meteoric ones, the unaccountable ones, the astonishing ones like those of Napoleon, Oliver Cromwell, and Julius Caesar. The great stars of the race dazzle most boys. They admire, but they do not feel that they can imitate them. They like to read their lives, but they do not get the helpfulness and the encouragement from them that they do from reading the lives of those who have not startled the world so much. It is the triumph of the ordinary ability which is most helpful as an inspiration and encouragement. The life of Lincoln has been an infinitely greater inspiration to the world than the life of Napoleon or that of Julius Caesar.

When Kansas was suffering from the visitation of grasshopper the whole country united in raising money and contributing food and clothing for the sufferers. Many a mean man was developed then. The contributions were so generous that opportunity was afforded for graft. And more than one man now rich laid the foundation of his fortune in the cash or goods which he stole from the relief fund. Much the same thing has been noted in a smaller scale in the San Francisco case.

DOUGHNUTS AND CRULLERS

Various Recipes for These Breakfast Cakes Dearly Beloved of the Good American.

CRULLERS MADE OF RAISED DOUGH.—Set what is called a sponge over night, just as for bread. Use a pint of warm water and a large half-cupful of yeast. When the mixture is light add half a cupful of butter or sweet lard, a large cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in water, one tablespoonful of cinnamon and a pinch of nutmeg. Stir in two beaten eggs, add flour until sufficiently stiff, knead it well and set away to rise. Then roll the dough out into half-inch thickness and cut into any forms desirable. The twist is pretty. Drop into hot lard, being sure to have quite a deep vessel of lard, as the turning of the cakes is liable to spatter up in the gas.

DOUGHNUTS HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.—One gill of milk, one gill of sugar, three gills flour, one-third teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a nutmeg, grated; grated rind of a lemon, the yellow part; one full teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth and add the beaten yolk and sugar. Add the flavorings, then milk and, last, flour into which you have stirred the baking powder. Drop a teaspoonful into hot butter or lard, let cook until brown, gently turning the doughnuts round as they fry.

SWISS DOUGHNUTS.—Boil a pint of milk and pour it over a pint of flour. Beat it very smooth, and when it is cool add four eggs, thoroughly well beaten, yolks and whites separately, always stirring in yolks first. Then add the melted butter and a pinch of salt. Sprinkle your board with flour to make it easy to form into rings. Cook in plenty of boiling lard or butter. Delicious with coffee for a nice breakfast.

"YES" AND "NO" APPLE BALLS.—Pare and steam six moderately sour apples until they are soft and white. Then rub them through a colander into a bowl, add a teaspoonful of sour lemon juice to each apple, one-half an ounce of gelatine to every six apples, and sugar to taste. Keep in a warm place until the gelatine is dissolved, then cool. Stir in briskly a meringue mixture made of the whites of four eggs and four ounces of sugar. Drop this snowy, frothy mixture in balls into a dish in which you wish to serve it. Keep as much a pyramidal shape as possible, and decorate each ball with candied cherries. —New York World.

FOR THE GARDENER.

The China Aster Seems to Belong to Autumn and May Be Started Outside.

The China aster is one of the flowers which it seems to me belongs to early autumn rather than to summer. Consequently, I do not deem it worth while to plant it inside in order to hasten its period of blooming. I should rather have these flowers through September and the first half of October than through July and August, but if one wishes the early blossoms it is a simple matter to start the seeds indoors, choosing the Queen of the Market, which is the earliest flowering strain of asters. One can now get these in a variety of colors.

During the warmer days the plants will be greatly benefited if the boxes are set on a sunny porch out of doors or on the ledge of an open window. They will thus be more vigorous and hardy and will endure the transplanting into the garden much better. Be careful not to apply too much water to the soil, keeping it barely moist but not wet, and also do not try to force the plants too rapidly in a very warm room. Most of them will thrive better in a comparatively cool temperature. Care must be taken to shade the tiny seedlings as they are starting, in order that they may not be dried out through the direct action of the sun. Do not have more plants than can enjoy the full benefit of sun and air.—Good Housekeeping.

To Clean Old Oak.

To clean old oak, whether furniture or paneling, dust it thoroughly and then wash it with warm beer, using a soft brush for carvings. Meanwhile, boil together two quarts of beer, one ounce of beeswax and one ounce of moist brown sugar until the wax and sugar are perfectly dissolved. Then apply this with a large, soft brush, and when quite dry, rub it until bright with clean, soft cloths. Some people, after washing with the beer, when dry polish it with a cloth slightly sprinkled with paraffin oil.

Indian Matrimonial Notice.

Wanted—A match for a girl of respectable Agarwal family, Gauter Bansal. The boy should be educated and between the age of 20 and 25 years. All communications to be addressed to Ghan Chand, clerk, Arsenal, Ferozepore City.—Lahore Tribune.

What He Needed.

"Bjorkins you're certainly losing your senses. Of all the crazy schemes I ever—say, aren't you well?" "No; to tell the truth, I'm not. I think I'll have to consult a physician." "Never mind the doctor—consult a wheelwright."—Cleveland Leader.

His Hope.

Mother—Oh, you bad boy! Dirty hands again! I'm afraid you're a hopeless case.

Tommy (eagerly)—Oh, ma, does "hopeless" mean you're going to give up talking about it?—Philadelphia Ledger.

On a Transatlantic Liner

By PHILIP VERRILL M'GHELS

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

On the transatlantic liner there were two cabin passengers who were neither seasick nor lovesick, and, as if this in itself were not sufficiently remarkable, Ada was beautiful, clever and young, while Seton was manly, wholesome and wise.

Grown weary of her reading, Ada glanced across the deck. A man there leaned against the rail, smoking. She noted the back of his head and thought of a boy with whom, on a time, she had played at a game entitled: "Courtship, Marriage and Divorce."

The man, who was Seton, turned about. Then she saw that he was, in very fact, that self-same boy, expanded and sand-papered off, according to a plan of civilization. Their glances met. He oscillated where he was for a second, and then came leisurely forward, raising his cap in salutation.

"Why, it's Seton Lowe—Mr. Lowe," she said. "I didn't even know you were aboard."

"No, I came a little unexpectedly," he confessed. "I took the trip to avoid my friends."

"Oh; then I trust you will be successful," she answered, somewhat icily.

He made no attempt to reconstruct his observation. They were silent for a moment.

"It's going to be a smooth, tedious trip," he presently stated.

"It looks that way—at present," she agreed.

He glanced at her furtively, after which she abruptly scanned him over with a keener interest.

"You are not alone?" she inquired.

"Practically, yes."

"Why, I thought—I read—wasn't it true? Shouldn't your wedding—"

"Should have come off to-day," he supplied, nonchalantly. "All of it true, so far as it went."

"Oh—Really? . . . Then Miss Schuyler—"

"Exercised her divine prerogative of changing her mind. She is wearing the other man."

"Wearing?"

"Yes. They put us on and off like hats. I trust he will find it wearing."

Ada's eyes glistened, somewhat fiercely. "I have known men who renewed their ties as often as we choose between our hats," she said. "The fad of changing the heart is quite as rampant as that of altering the mind."

"Personal experience is the bothouse of rancor," he told her, "and I am still under glass."

"Well, do you fondly imagine you are all alone in an enjoyment of rancor?"

"My fault-finding is at first hand," he answered, "while yours should be vicarious only, at the utmost."

"Indeed!" she said.

He looked at her sharply and blinked through the smoke of his pipe.

"See here," he blurted, "you were not the Miss Lee Cavendish who was engaged to some fellow from Oxford?"

"You are neither acute nor complimentary, not to know—or to assume so little interest."

"I'm," he mused, "I—I always called you Ada. I never supposed that fellow—"

He glanced at her again, earnestly. "You were always a sensible girl," he observed. "Shall I tell you what I've done?"

"Not if you wish it kept a secret."

"I've joined the Association of Unmitigated Bachelors," he imparted.

"I've taken a solemn vow never to ask any maid, girl or woman on earth to become my wife."

She looked at him oddly, her face slightly reddened.

"I've joined myself," she murmured. "Not the bachelors."

"No, the Bachelor Girls. We have each of us taken a grave and reverend obligation never to wed any lad, youth or man who may, can or must ask us to become his wife, mate or partner for life, if we live to be a thousand."

"You don't say!" he exclaimed, with frank admiration. "I'm mighty glad to hear it. Ada, we shall get along this voyage delightfully. Let us shake hands."

She placed her dainty hand in his, for a funny little second, and the glance that played between them met on neutral ground.

Of all the unstable, neutral grounds that Fate has yet devised for man's confusion, the sea is perhaps the most conspicuous. For the matter of that, any ground whatsoever, when frequently employed, is perilous to meet upon, especially for people who have protested much against conjugal entanglements.

Ada, however, as the days went by, was confident of her own immunity from danger, and Seton was fortified securely in his own iron mail of determination.

"Wonderful weather we're having after all," he said, pausing at her chair at last, when he had walked the deck by himself for half an hour.

She arose, dropping her rug to the deck. He took it up and adjusted it roughly about her shoulders, as she leaned against the rail and watched the graceful birds as they followed the steamer.

"I love them—the sea gulls," she stated.

"Then love has not been entirely eliminated from your nature?" he ventured.

"Don't be silly, Seton, if you please."

"No, I won't. But—I saw a whale

this morning. Do you like whales more or less than you love sea-gulls?"

"Why should I like one or the other more or less?"

"Well—a whale is a mammal—and so is man."

"Man is a beast," she corrected.

"Yes, I suppose he is. And a woman—a woman is a critter."

"Thanks. I was afraid you would call woman either an angel or a mermaid."

"No," he replied, reflectively. "I never took home either feathers or scales, on—on my coat lapel."

"You can actually speak about—that affair, and—love?" She blushed as she nearly missed fire on the final word.

"Why not?" he inquired. "The sea is doing me good. I shall be myself once more in a week."

"And begin to regret your unmitigated bachelor solemnities?"

"Certainly not. I'd like to see the girl who could make me regret such a sensible step."

He looked so deeply into Ada's eyes as he spoke that she saw the whole, some, honest boy she had known so happily, once upon a time. Then he presently added:

"Besides, that's done—and there's an end to it."

Something happened in Ada's feminine mind. She said:

"That sounds exactly like the things you used to say so long ago. Just between our childish calms and storms."

A bright light flashed in his eyes, for a second, to counter the sparkle in hers.

"Ada, there's nothing poetic or reminiscent about me now," he confessed, "but everything feels to me decidedly like spring."

With a nod she conceded he had paid her back. Nevertheless, she ignored his gentle repartee.

"Was it spring the whole year through, when we were two foolish children?" she queried.

"I never thought," he admitted, "but—hang it all—I believe it was."

The sole purpose of making an ocean voyage so protracted is to entrap the innocent passengers into vague little sighs of inconsequent regret when at length it is finally ended.

Both Seton and Ada were apostles of inconsequence.

That final evening they sat on the deck and beheld the moon arise like a red-hot disk from somewhere over the edge. Ada looked at it steadily.

"The poor old thing must take us very seriously," she said, "for look at the wrinkles on her brow."

"I used to think a sillier thing than that—what a lot of rings it would make, cut out, one inside the other."

He was silent for a moment, mentally curving up the unsuspecting planet. Then he observed:

"They would all be plain gold rings."

"Yes, I know. That was part of the idea. I said it was woefully silly."

"Perhaps you thought you would like one of the rings?"

"Perhaps I did," she confessed. "I was very young."

He suppressed a tentative feeling of excitement.

"Of course, you don't wish for anything of the sort any longer?" he inquired, calmly.

"How could I, Mr. Lowe?"

"I was trying to think."

"You were trying to think what?"

"How we could both get out of it. I mean—how I—we—well, let it go the way I said it first."

She looked at him steadily, and felt herself grow pale and warm alternately.

"Get out of what?" she murmured.

"Ada, we can't get out of the fact that we love one another, devotedly," he announced with a boldness that took away her breath. "When we used to play, as children, we used to say we loved each other for the courtship, and that we loved each other for the marriage, and then, after the divorce, we made up and said we loved each other again, so as to begin the game all over. So we can't get out of that, now can we? The only question is how to get around our solemn vow to the bachelor associations."

"But—Seton—"

"I know. I've always said you are a sweet, sensible girl. If you advise it, I'll simply break my pledge."

"But I don't advise it. I don't advise anything. I certainly—"

"Don't you love me, sweetheart, just enough to help me out?"

She was silent for a moment. He took her hand. It was trembling, but it lay in his without alarm. He looked in her eyes, and, even in the moonlight, saw the answer he needed.

Then finally Seton, pressing his fist to his heart, with all his strength, discovered he was gazing in rapture on the moon. He thought what a beautiful plain gold ring he could cut from the splendor of the disk.

Plenty of Industry.

Mr. Quiller-Couch certainly cannot be accused of lack of industry. It is not very long since he brought out "The Mayor of Troy," he has two serial novels running in magazines; he is preparing to publish a collection of verses and little essays under the title of "A Cornish Window," and he is at work on a school history of English literature arranged on a plan of his own.

Webfoot Humility.

Crocodiles are in bloom down along the Columbia. Rose beauties are several inches long. Spring beauties are blossoming in the woods. Farmers are plowing, birds are singing, and meanwhile the unhappy east has a temperature varying from 4 to 26 degrees below zero. Are we worthy of our blessings?

Before the paleface came there was no poison in the Indian's corn.

Tulle in Millinery and Neckwear

Once again illusion bows before fact woman; this time they are worn at the front, the choux at the back utterly out. More bows of white have been noticed so far, but the season may presently show the variety that raged a couple of years back.

In millinery tulle is used a great deal. Evening hats especially are thus adorned, and a very appropriate trimming it makes. An old-rose voile costume was lately seen worn with an all-white hat, whose only trimming as observed from the back was a great ruche of white tulle, covering the wide bandeau and falling well over the hair. When the wearer



MODISH MILLINERY.

faced about, a white plume was visible curling about the crown of the hat. This was a very airy chapeau, just the thing for a summer evening outing.

And nowadays summer evening outings are so much the rule, summer

gayeties making us once solemn Americans a very gay people indeed—taking away the reproach that we take our pleasures too seriously, and making need for clothes appropriate to the diversions. Not only do carriage folk dress nowadays, but also the plebeian street car, the open trolley, shows its load of prettily costumed women. A voile suit of some delicate color answers admirably for wear at summer park and private party, and the volles of the season come in most beautiful shades, the material back in fashion with a certainty, too pretty long to be pictured.

The hat here pictured is typical of those seen on the summer girl of the day. It is a charming gray crin duffly with tulle and with yellow roses, making beautiful contrast on the soft gray—a French combination and artistic.

Very smart and coquettish is the small hat with a ruche of tulle about the crown and at one side a tight bunch of roses and the ubiquitous quill, under the brim of course some more roses. Posies, posies everywhere adding their quota to the gayeties.

At present the sailors are considerably much trimmed, but before the summer's over we may have the simple old sailor back again, a strictly utilitarian protection for the head. But we must confess we like the rose and tulle bedecked ones; think them more becoming.

The other day we saw on a hat a half wreath of peach blossoms that looked so real we surely got a whiff of their fragrance across the car; wanted to ask the maiden where under the sun she found the tree whereon they grew. Artificial flowers never were so beautiful as this year, I am sure; never so natural looking.

In The World of Fashion



LACE AND LINEN COMBINATION.

Soft mulls rather than stiffly starched lawns are the order of the day; these are a blessing to the laundress as they "do up" more easily and keep clean longer. The lingerie this season is even more fragile in appearance than usual, now one affects the finest of materials and less elaboration of lace insets; this, too, is a blessing to the home dressmaker, who can keep in style without wearing herself all out in the attempt.

Long coats are few and far between, and the variety of short ones is marvelous—one would have thought all the ideas exhausted long ago. They are so much cooler for summer wear, and they allow of display of the exquisite blouse. The present fashions make the streets very festive, so much white finery seen. Already numbers of white frocks have appeared, and though we may not have the white season of last summer repeated, there certainly is to be a great deal of white worn. White plumes are seen, almost always falling over the hair at the back, a novel and picturesque disposal. Last evening we noticed an attractive hat, one of the longish turbans with the only trimming a wreath of small flowers, the wreath elongated at the back and quite separated from the hat, lying on the girl's soft tresses like a garland. The arrangement of artificial flowers this season seems to us more natural and effective than usual, and the flowers so pretty.

Silk is much worn this spring, taffeta and rough weaves both. The colored pongees are all made with short skirts, and shortest jackets, evidently meant for business; and they certainly do seem to be just the thing for summer pedestrianizing. The taffetas are usually made walking length; in spite of dire predictions we see almost no

long trained gowns on the street. And, by the way, a trim taffeta or pongee suit, made latest mode, can be worn for almost any occasion the summer may bring forth. Of course one may wear with such a suit the loveliest of lingerie blouses, which, with its elbow sleeves and fine handwork, will look partyfied enough for anything.

At the afternoon-tea shops one sees some of the prettiest of summer toilets. A charming one sported itself the other day at one of these places where I happened to drop in for a refreshing cup, and I wondered if the wearer gave the charm to the dress or the dress most adorned the lady—both were so worth looking at. The lady was one of those erect, slim women, slim without being in the least scrawny; her hair just touched with gray, softly fluffy about a bright, youthful face and crowned with a black chip hat trimmed simply with a wreath of white roses. The skirt and short coat were of blue taffeta, the sleeves of the latter giving the unmistakable style; they came above the elbow and a deep frill of creamy lace brought them down considerably longer.

The princess costume appears in all forms, some good, others indifferent, others bad. The one here pictured is an excellent model, designed by the Dry Goods Economist. The short, puffed sleeves give the correct shoulder line, the front panel and short waist line relieves what otherwise would be too severe for any save an absolutely perfect figure—which few of us, alas, possess. But both art and nature are coming to the assistance of poor woman with her unnatural mode of life; exercise and good dress-makers are building up deficiencies, ELLEN OSMOND.

The Marriage of Muggsy

By W. H. ALBURN

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

So it happened that Muggsy and Mary Ann the waitress became engaged. Muggsy was to borrow some money from a friend, and get a job, and be married.

Now, it is hard for a burglarious loafer to get a job. It is harder still for him to borrow money. But after five days of tramping the streets and visiting mills and factories, and striking old friends intermittently for pecuniary aid, he obtained the promise of work in a foundry, to begin the following Monday, and a former "pal" lent him \$10 to begin housekeeping with. So he was to be married on Sunday.

It was Saturday night, and Mary Ann's fiancé was strolling through the streets, restless and happy. To-morrow he would be married. It seemed impossible, and yet there could be no doubt of it.

Muggsy found himself staring vacantly into a shop window. The shop was closed, for it was late; and the lights in the windows were dim. There were three gilded balls over the door.

Then Muggsy's gaze fell upon a tray of rings in the window, and he started. The awful truth flashed upon him. When people get married they use wedding rings! And he had forgotten the ring.

There was an old shoe lying in the street. In a moment he had seized the shoe, rested it on the glass above the crack, inserted his left elbow in the shoe, closed his fist and struck it a powerful blow with his right hand.

He took only one ring; once he would have taken the whole tray. He was triumphant, but he was in danger. He ran quickly down the street to a passageway he knew of, leading to an alley and thence to another street, where he would be safe.

But suddenly a blue uniform loomed up, and an excited voice ordered the fugitive to stop. A pistol shot added force to the command. Muggsy was frightened. He darted into the passageway, the patrolman after him in full chase. A fence had been built there since last he came that way, and he was cornered.

Muggsy was a man of peace. The game was up, and he surrendered. When the turnkey searched him at the police station he still had the ring. It went into an envelope marked "Exhibit A."

There was a big docket in police court on Monday morning. An endless line of "drunks" shuffled out of the reeking "bull pen" and stood, nervously expectant, before the bench where the magnanimous Judge O'Rourke dispensed fines and imprisonment for the protection of society. "Well, well!" ejaculated his honor, with a broad grin. "Not very cheerful this morning, Muggsy. What is it now, Mooney?"

"Burglary and larceny, your honor—at 'is old tricks—smashed a jewelry window an' copped a ring—a wedding ring, too." The court officer smiled indulgently and the prosecuting attorney inspected the ring, while the clerk read the affidavit, and the spectators craned forward with interest—for the prisoner had many acquaintances present.

The proof was too easy. The prosecutor yawned, and held up the ring for the inspection of the court.

"Why didn't you take the rest?" he asked. "This ain't worth much, and there was a whole trayful."

"I didn't need any more," muttered Muggsy.

"Didn't need any more?" repeated the prosecutor, while the court attaches and police reporters showed signs of interest. "Then you confess to the theft?" he shrewdly added.

"Naw, I don't confess nothin'."

"Needed a wedding ring, did you, Muggsy?" queried his honor, with a smile that lit up the court-room.

"That reminds me," remarked Lieut. O'Hara. "We found a marriage license in his clothes—Exhibit B over there. It's got his name on, too, only he says it's for a cousin as has the same name as he has, an' was to be married yesterday. I wonder—"

and while he was wondering, a light suffused his massive face.

Meanwhile a reporter was inspecting the marriage license. He was a tall, lean scribe, with a lazy, far-away look, and wore an eternal stogie in his mouth. He leaned over to the judge.

"The girl's name is Mary Ann Evans," he said. "Maybe she's here. She'd make a good witness."

Now, his honor had great respect for this particular reporter. Besides, he was under obligation to him for certain unnamed favors.

"Have you any witnesses?" he asked the prisoner.

"Me? Naw."

The judge handed the license to the court officer.

"Is Mary Ann Evans here present?" roared Mooney.

Muggsy jerked himself erect, his square jaw set, his eyes flashing, and his fists clenched.

"Stop that, Mr. Officer!" he cried. Mooney started back, and the court-room stared in astonished silence.

"I don't want that there name mentioned in this d—d p—l—ce court!" the prisoner gasped.

The judge's bland smile had congealed. The reporter critically poised his stogie and emitted a low, thoughtful whistle.

Then the spell was broken by a commotion beyond the railing among the

spectators, and a little figure with curly hair and freckled face almost hidden beneath a faded shawl darted past the officer at the gate and stepped to the judge's bench. A young lad about to follow her was denied admittance.

Muggsy was abashed. His figure slumped back to its normal posture, and again he gazed at the floor.

"Please, sir, I'm here," faltered the figure under the shawl, while a pair of greenish-yellow eyes roved back and forth between judge and prisoner.

"Are you Mary Ann Evans?" asked his honor.

"Y-yes, sir. An' I came here this mornin' because Jimmy—that's my brother—seen in the paper that Muggsy was arrested, an' he said they'd try him this mornin'." An' I thought mebbe I could—do sumpin'—fer 'im." Further elucidation was interrupted by the necessity for stopping a flow of tears with one corner of her shawl.

"Is it this man, or his cousin, that you were going to marry?" asked the judge.

Mary Ann checked an impulse to answer, and looked to the prisoner for guidance. Muggsy's eyes slowly roved from the floor, met hers, and read their honest appeal. That look shamed the duplicity out of him. He stepped nearer the judge, while the little group narrowed around the affianced pair, and he addressed the judge in a voice firm, but low, so that the curiosity-mongers beyond the railing might not hear.

"I'll tell ye the truth, yer honor," he said, "an' it'll be the first time I ever told it to ye. I lied w'en I said the license was fer me cousin, an' I lied about breakin' the windy by accident. This little girl had promised to marry me, yer honor, an' the wedding was to 'a' been yesterday. An' w'en I happened to think how I didn't have no ring, an' how I needed one, and didn't have no money to buy one, nor notin', w'y I don't know how it was, yer honor, but I just couldn't help fergettin' I'd reformed, an' gittin' a ring the best way I could. An' now I s'pose I got to go to the Works again, an' I don't care much, fer I don't s'pose Mary Ann'll have anything to do with me now—fer she's a decent, respectable girl, yer honor, an' not like me. Only, I don't know what she'll do, on account of bein' out of a job, an' nobody to take care of her. But it's all up now, an' you might as well give me the sentence right away, yer honor; fer there can't be no wedding, an' my job's lost, an' it's no use, I guess, tryin' to be decent."

"What job's that?" asked the prosecutor. The suggestion of Muggsy at work, following close upon the revelation of Muggsy in love, staggered him.

Thereupon the prisoner filled in the details of the story. His narrative was supplemented by the testimony of a policeman who recognized Mary Ann and had known her father.

"Are you still willing to marry him?" asked the judge, curiously.

"Why, of course!" and Mary Ann stared at him in surprise. "I know he'll never do such a thing again. An' I guess I can git along somehow till he gets out, an' gits another job."

"Well, in view of the circumstances, I won't make it so long as I otherwise would," began the judge, as he resumed his judicial air. "It will be—"

But the reportorial face had suddenly approached his honor's ear, and there was a quiet little conference, in which the prosecutor presently joined.

"It will be—ahem!"—resumed his honor, when the heads separated—"three months and costs." He paused, impressively. "And, in view of certain extenuating circumstances—the workhouse sentence is suspended during good behavior, and the fine to be paid at the convenience of the prisoner."

Muggsy stared stupidly.

"Go on!" said Mooney, nudging him good-naturedly. "No, not that way," as the prisoner started back toward the "bull pen."

"Out here, with your girl. You're free, as long as you behave yourself. See?"

Muggsy saw, and with a radiant smile overspread his ugly face as he grasped Mary Ann's hand, and they turned away, too happy for speech.

"Wait a minute," whispered the tall reporter. "Your job?"

The smile faded.

"It was mighty hard to git, and now I've lost it," Muggsy faltered. "I was to report for work this mornin'."

"Won't you sign this, judge?" asked the scribe.

His honor took from him the sheet of official court paper and read:

Foreman of the — Foundry: The presence of Mr. Maguire has been required at an important trial this morning. He informs me that as a result of rendering the court this service he may lose the employment you have promised him. Allow me to request that his enforced absence may not deprive a deserving man of the means of earning a livelihood for himself and family.

The gentile smile broke out again, and the judge signed the letter. When he handed it to Muggsy there was a bank note folded in it.

"You can pay this back some time, if you feel like it," he said. "Now, get married; and then report for work, and give the boss this paper. It'll be all right, Mr. Jones!"

An old colored minister, who haunted the police courts and rescued the black sheep of his flock from frequent trouble, arose and bowed with rheumatic dignity.

"Take this couple into my private office and tie them up," ordered the judge.

The bridal pair followed the aged pastor from the courtroom amid a roar of applause, and the court officer called the next case.

A WOMAN'S ORDEAL DREADS DOCTOR'S QUESTIONS

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continue to suffer rather than submit to examinations which so many physicians propose in order to intelligently treat the disease; and this is the reason why so many physicians fail to cure female disease.

This is also the reason why thousands upon thousands of women are corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. To her they can confide every detail of their illness, and from her great knowledge, obtained from years of experience in treating female ills, Mrs. Pinkham can advise sick women more wisely than the local physician.

Read how Mrs. Pinkham helped Mrs. T. C. Willadsen of Manning, Ia. She writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that you have saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude in words. Before I was told of you I felt, I had doctored for over two years steady, and spent lots of money in medicines besides, but it all failed to do me any good. I had female trouble and would daily have fainting spells, headache, bearing-down pains, and my monthly periods were very irregular and finally ceased. I wrote to you for your advice and received a letter full of instructions just what to do, and also commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I have been restored to perfect health. Had it not been for you I would have been in my grave to-day."

Mountains of proof establish the fact that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for restoring women's health.

A Matter of Courtesy, Merely.

Mr. Nervy—The object of my call upon you this evening, Mr. Goldrox—Mr. Goldrox (sternly)—Yes, you've come to tell me that you wish to marry my daughter and I want to say right here and now—

"Pardon me. I come to tell you that I am going to marry your daughter. I convinced her and her mother that it was no more than fair to put you wise."—Philadelphia Press.

FACE ALL BROKEN OUT.

Troubled Almost a Year—Complexion Now Perfect and Skin Soft, White and Velvety.

"I had been troubled with a breaking out on my face and arms for almost a year and had the services of several physicians, but they didn't seem to do any good. Some time ago one of my friends recommended Cuticura to me. I secured some, and after using it several months I was completely cured. I can highly recommend Cuticura Soap as being the very best complexion Soap made. It creates a perfect complexion, leaving the skin soft, white and velvety. I now use Cuticura Soap all the time and recommend its use to my friends. Maud Legins, R. F. D. No. 1, Sylvia, Tenn., Aug. 1, 1905."

Laconic.

She wrote: "Circumstances over which I have no control compel me to reject your offer of marriage. Yours, etc."

He wired: "What circumstances? Reply prepaid."

She wired: "Yours. Collect."—Cleveland Leader.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Just a Tip.

Miss Country Maid—I was reading in a magazine that in the city hotels one often sees palms about the dining rooms. What kind of palm is the most prominent?

Mr. Dineout—The waiter's.—Chicago Daily News.

Best in Existence.

"I sincerely believe, all things considered, Hunt's Lightning Oil is the most useful and valuable household remedy in existence. For Cuts, Burns, Sprains and Insect Bites it has no equal, so far as my experience goes."

G. E. Huntington, Enfield, Ala.

It makes a man of 30 feel awfully old to hear a boy of 16 talking about the things he used to do when he was a kid.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Hot air is always succeeded by a cold wave.

ALMOST A CATASTROPHE

Exuberance of Love Spasmodically Manifested Results in Mortification.

She was seated in the gloaming, a happy smile on her pretty, pensive face, when her elderly aunt entered. Then, as she looked upon the kind old face, a feeling rushed upon her that she must share her wonderful news with somebody—she must let someone into the secret which till then had been the sole possession of herself and Harold. She sprang up and flung her arms about her aunt's neck.

"Oh, auntie," she cried impulsively, "you do love me, don't you? Kiss me, auntie, and tell me you do—kiss me!"

But only an alarming gurgle came from the old lady for a moment. Then she said, gasping indignantly:

"Kiss you, if you ain't careful I'll shake the life out of you. You very nearly made me swallow my teeth!"

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 1st day of December, A. D. 1905.

W. J. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Bum Restaurant.

"Paw, what's that orchestra playing here for?"

"Money, Tommy. They couldn't possibly be playing for the kind of meal they would get here."—Chicago Tribune.

Where Others Failed.

"Each spring for five or six years I broke out with a kind of Eczema which nothing seemed to relieve permanently. Finally I tried a box of Hunt's Cure, which promptly cured me. Two years have passed by but the trouble has not returned."

Mrs. Kate Howard, Little Rock, Ark.

Charitable Player.

By some means a mother and daughter managed to gain access to Paderewski's sanctum. The mother was proud of her daughter and the daughter had aspirations. She desired Paderewski's opinion of her skill. Paderewski listened, or appeared to, while the mother beat time approvingly. At last, with a final crash, the girl rose from the stool and the mother flushed with pleasure. "Tell me," she whispered to the artist, "tell me in confidence. What do you think of her?" Amiablely the artist rubbed his hands together. "I think she must be very charitable. Surely she leteth not her left hand know what her right hand doeth."

No Whiskers.

"How immaculate everything is kept around that soda fountain."

"Yes, even the ice is freshly shaved every hour."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Easier to Do.

"Some of 'de gloomy conversation," said Uncle Eben, "is caused by do fact dat it's easier to talk hard times dan it is to do hard work."—Washington Star.

Test Its Value.

"Simmons' Liver Purifier is the most valuable remedy I ever tried for constipation and disordered liver. It does its work thoroughly, but does not gripe like most remedies of its character. I certainly recommend it whenever the opportunity occurs."

M. M. Tomlinson, Oswego, Kas.

Her Legal Status.

The Dominie—Are you your mother's little darling?

Baby Ethel—Only half the time. You see the court decided that papa was to have me for six months every year.—The Wasp.

This Is No Joke.

Hunt's Cure has saved more people from the "Old Scratch" than any other known agent, simply because it makes scratching entirely unnecessary. One application relieves any form of itching skin disease that ever afflicted mankind. One box guaranteed to cure any one case.

Concrete Definition.

Tommy—Paw, what is pessimism?

Mr. Tucker—It's—It's something like rheumatism, Tommy.—Chicago Tribune.

WANTED FOR UNITED STATES ARMY—able-bodied unmarried men, between ages of 21 and 35; citizens of United States, of good character and temperate habits, who can speak, read and write English. For information apply to Recruiting Officer, Post Office Building, Oklahoma, Guthrie, Shawnee, Enid, U. T., or Tulsa, I. T.

The original chauffeurs, it seems, were robbers. Which is another instance showing the descent of man.

The man who talks about civic righteousness ought to keep his own backyard clean.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar—made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Many a fellow has made his mark by making a mark of some other fellow.

The chief end of man is to make both ends meet.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A friend in need will keep you broke.

IN CONSTANT AGONY

A West Virginian's Awful Distress Through Kidney Troubles.

W. L. Jackson, merchant, of Parkersburg, W. Va., says: "Driving about in bad weather brought kidney troubles on me, and I suffered twenty years with sharp, cramping pains in the back and urinary disorders. I often had to get up a dozen times at night to urinate. Retention set in, and I was obliged to use the catheter. I took to my bed, and the doctors failing to help, began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The urine soon came freely again, and the pain gradually disappeared. I have been cured eight years, and though over 70, am as active as a boy."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NUGETTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

There are ladies' smoking cars on English railways.

Alligator, a popular native dish in India, tastes like veal.

The wood used in the best pianos has been seasoned 40 years.

Those who reach 30 in good health are likely, statistics show, to last to 73.

Over 200,000 pounds of human hair, valued at \$500,000, is sold annually in Paris.

The majority of criminals can draw and paint. That is why artists can rarely get credit.

In many parts of Switzerland the government buries the dead, supplying coffins and undertaker free of cost.

Position Filled. Willie Gusher—Just let me press one kiss on those coral lips?

Sweet Singer—Sir, I already have a press agent.—Chicago daily News.

When wisdom doesn't declare dividends we call it "folly."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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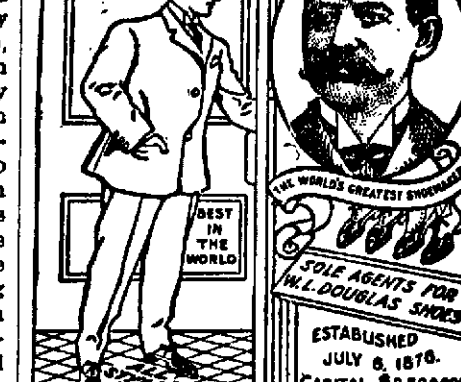
W. L. DOUGLAS

W. L. DOUGLAS

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Old Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price.



W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES & SELLS MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD.

\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement.

It could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made. You would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe.

W. L. Douglas \$2.50, \$2.00, Boys' School & Dress Shoes, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.75, \$1.50

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. Name genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brass. Write for Illustrated Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Are you from Kentucky?

If you are—you surely want to go back for

Kentucky

Homecoming Week

at Louisville

June 13th to 17th

For this occasion the M. K. & T. R

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow:
Fair. Warmer.

THE EVENING NEWS.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 80 degrees.

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 6, 1906

NUMBER 90

Among the modern luxuries are

Kirschbaum Suits

in tropical wears and weights for hot weather. All the style and fit of regular full-lined garments. Serges and worsteds; quarter-lined with mohair or pongee silk. Skeleton construction, firm, shape-retaining and cool. Ask for Kirschbaum clothes. (warranted.)

\$15.00 to \$30.00

Wear the eastern styles. We are sole agents for A. B. Kirschbaum & Company in Ada.

Scott-Hoard Co.

THE STAR OF OKLAHOMA WILL APPEAR JULY 1, 1907

Washington, July 6.—After consultation between Quartermaster General Humphreys and Admiral Cowles, chief of the equipment bureau of the Navy Department, the two officers who are charged with making and issuing the national flags to the army and navy, respectively, it has been decided the admission into the Union of the state of Oklahoma shall be recorded by the addition of a star in the blue field of the flag placed at the lower right hand corner.

But as several things remain to be done before the state is actually admitted, and as the law provides that additional stars shall only be set in the flag at the beginning of the next fiscal year after the state is one in fact, the Oklahoma star will not be seen on the Na-

tional ensign until July 1, 1907, and therefore salutes which have been given were premature.

MANY PERSONS DROWNED.

Near Omaha a Platform at Lake Manawa Collapsed.

Omaha, July 6.—Fifty to one hundred persons are reported to have been drowned by the collapse of a platform at Lake Manawa, a pleasure resort on the Iowa side of the river, at 10:40 o'clock Wednesday night.

They were attending a concert and Fourth of July celebration. The lake is caused by the overflow of the river and is ten feet deep in places. The lake is Omaha's largest pleasure resort. Several thousand persons were present.

OIL AND GAS BOTH STRUCK AT WEWOKA

Wewoka, I. T., July 6.—Wewoka has one of the biggest oil and gas wells in the country. The drillers, a few days ago, at a depth of 1,700 feet, struck a stratum of oil sand and there immediately gushed forth a strong flow of gas, estimated at about three million feet in twenty-four hours. Work was suspended, awaiting the arrival of additional casing, and while they were working the well gradually filled up with a fine grade of oil, until it is now running over. The oil sand has only been penetrated to a depth of a few inches.

Those in charge of the well are confident that as soon as they get the casing down and go a little more into the oil sand, the increased flow of gas will produce a veritable gusher. Great excitement prevails and the real estate men are doing a rush business at fancy prices. Several other derricks are in preparation and within a few days more holes will be going down. The town is full of oil men seeking investments. The first well was put down by the Wewoka Trading Company, which owns the townsite.

Indian Killed by Train.

Shawnee, Ok., July 6.—Jim Morris, a rich Seminole Indian, was found lying two miles east of here Thursday on the Rock Island tracks, with both hands and legs cut off, a train having passed over him. Morris and a companion named Brown were here Wednesday and started to walk home. They sat down to rest and fell asleep, Brown rolling off the track.

A passenger train struck Morris, and Brown did not awake until the Coroner started to pick up Morris' body.

Mild Beer Sold at South McAlester.

South McAlester, I. T., July 6.—For the first time in the recent history of the Choctaw Nation a substitute for beer was sold publicly in this city at the great Fourth of July celebration. The substitute is called "New State" and resembles a mild beer. It was sold in small sized beer bottles for 15 cents per bottle. The district attorney will make a test case of the matter by prosecuting those who had the beverage on the grounds.

FIRED BULLETS INTO WRONG MAN'S HOME

Becoming filled up on wild cat booze, one Caldwell and another party whose name could not be learned, fired their six shooters into the houses of slumbering citizens and farmers near McGee early Friday morning, and as a fitting consequence Caldwell is dead and the other party in the hands of the law.

This is the story phoned in from McGee early this morning.

Caldwell and his companion had presumably been to the Corner saloon, as a jug partially filled with booze was found hanging to the saddle horn. Becoming warmed up from the effects of the liquor they decided to have some sport and as they passed a farmer's house they would give him an early morning salute by firing bullets promiscuously into his home.

When they arrived opposite the residence of Los Hart, one mile west of McGee, they started the fusillade, when Hart stepped to the door and shot Caldwell dead. Caldwell's partner attempted to make his escape but Hart mounting the dead outlaw's horse soon overtook him and the would-be bad man gave up without a struggle.

Federal officers here were notified of the killing, but owing to the fact that it occurred in the Pauls Valley district the authorities there were asked to take charge of affairs.

Los Hart is well known to almost

everyone in the Southwest. It was he, who seven years ago killed the famous outlaw, Bill Dalton, at Elk, Hart at that time being a deputy United States marshal. He is absolutely fearless and can take care of himself in any company. He is peaceable and a good neighbor and the affair of this morning will no doubt pass with the usual investigation.

Arrange to eat dinner Saturday with W. C. T. U. ladies at popular price of 25 cents. 89-2t

It will pay you to see Chitwood, the Tailor, for the next few days. 89-4t

Cholera Raging in Philippines

Washington, July 6.—The War Department was advised today of the virulent outbreak of cholera in Manila. For the week ending July 4 there were reported 316 cases and ninety-nine deaths. For the twenty-four hours ending at 8 o'clock morning of July 5 there were twelve cases and five deaths in the province. In the same period in Manila there were twenty-nine cases and twenty-three deaths.

DISPUTE OVER ORIGIN OF NAME "OKLAHOMA"

Oklahoma City, Ok., July 5.—The passage of the statehood bill has brought out many suggestions and claims as to who originated the name of Oklahoma. It was said that E. C. Boudinot of the Indian Territory, 35 years ago at a meeting held at Fort Smith, Ark., for the purpose of organizing a state out of the Indian Territory, suggested that the proposed state be called Oklahoma. Boudinot, is a Cherokee descendant. Now then Mr. J. S. Murrow, of Atoka, I. T. makes the following statement, claiming that the name originated with Rev. Allen White when the treaties were made with the Indians of the five civilized tribes in 1866. Mr. Murrow speaking says:

"A territory to be known as 'Oklahoma' was provided for in the treaties made with the Indians of the five civilized tribes in April 1866. That was before any bill for the opening of any part of the Indian country had been introduced in congress. In the Choctaw treaty of April, 1866, section 10, article 3 are the following words: And it is further agreed that the superintendent of Indian affairs shall be the executive of the said territory with the title of the governor of the territory of Oklahoma,' etc. When the provisions in the several treaties of 1866 for organizing a territory out of the country belonging to these five tribes had been agreed upon, one of the United States commissioners at the

time asked what name should be given the proposed new territory. Rev. Allen Wright of the Choctaw delegation spoke up and said: 'Call it Oklahoma.' On being asked what the name meant, Rev. Allen replied that it meant 'Red Men,' or 'Red Men's Land.' The delegation assented, and so it was put into the treaties that the new territory when organized should be named Oklahoma. The name is pure Choctaw. 'Okla' (people) and 'Homa' (red). It has been claimed that Oklahoma is a Creek word. 'Red person' in Creek is 'Iste Cha ta,' and red people is 'Istulke, Cha ta,' so Oklahoma cannot be a Creek but a Choctaw."

Other persons claiming to know the origin of the name say that it is a Comanche word meaning "Sand Bur." In the latter claim it is obvious that the name would mean simply nothing, but in the former contention there is a reasonable excuse for the coining of the word."

Frisco Engine Dead

The engine pulling the south bound Meteor "went dead" as she entered the Ada yards today. Another was dispatched from Francis immediately, and not more than forty-five minutes were lost.

The household goods belonging to H. A. Kotsch were levied on by attachment today at the depot just as they were being billed out.

ROJESVENTSKY PLEADS GUILTY AT COURT MARTIAL

Comstad, July 6.—In a manly effort to save the surviving members of his staff and the other officers who he believed surrendered the gunboat Bedovi on account of their affection for their wounded commander and their desire to save his life, Admiral Rojestvensky Thursday pleaded guilty before a court-martial. In a short speech to the court the Admiral declared that he took all the blame on his own shoulders and asked that he alone be punished to the fullest extent of the law, virtually an appeal for condemnation and death, which is the penalty for hauling down the St. Andrews cross to a hostile vessel.

All the other defendants, including Captain De Colongne, chief of Admiral Rojestvensky's staff and Captain Baranoff, commandant of the Bedovi pleaded not guilty.

No Report on Lynching.

Chickasha, I. T., July 5.—The grand jury that was summoned yesterday to investigate the lynching at Womack examined a large number of witnesses this morning but adjourned at noon till three o'clock without making any report to the court. A large number of people have been summoned from Womack. They report that all has quieted down there.

M. C. Lynde Quits.

M. C. Lynde, who conducted a soda fountain and confectionery on West Main street, left without warning some time ago for Canada. The Ada National Bank is today packing the stock and fixtures for the Dowden Soda Fountain Company, of Kansas City, to whom Lynde was indebted for \$200.



WE ARE NOW

Turning out the finest ice cream in this section of country. It is a home product, even the ice that freezes it. When these conditions are facts why not use home manufactured cream?

CRYSTAL ICE CREAM COMPANY



IT KEEPS US BUSY

serving soda water. It just seems that old as well as young keep on buying it. It's because soda water we draw never disappoints you. Each glass we sell confirms a customer who tells others that increases our trade and is why we're busy.

We also sell Sangosa Mineral Wells Water, Eureka Springs Water and Ginger Ale in bottles.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist.
(Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed.

How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured?

A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave., Phone 64.

OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some very bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building. :: 12th and Broadway.

Patronize Home Industry

By Buying Ice From

Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Keep Your Money at Home.

We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.

Phone 249. Office at Ice Plant.

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank.

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500. Ada, Ind. Ter

ADA EVENING NEWS.

ADA. IND. TER.

Road of the Grater.

The road of the grater is not an easy one. The temptation to graft is insidious, and men who mean to conduct themselves with honesty and dignity may be betrayed into it. "Modern business methods" is a sufficiently euphonious term to fool a brisk and ambitious man not too much given to reflection or self-examination. And all goes well for a time. The bank account increases, the man feels himself to be shrewd and influential, he is able to put his family "at the top of the heap," honors come easily to him, and young men are flattered to be associated with him in business. Then, says The Reader, the exposure comes. Those that have trusted him know him for what he is, his own specious plea of "the modern business method" sounds strangely inadequate even to himself. His name, which he hoped to see associated in the minds of men with great enterprises, and which he expected his sons to use as a sort of "open sesame," becomes, suddenly, the synonym for dishonesty, greed and failure. The grater has, perhaps, thought himself hardened. He finds, to his dismay, that he is not. Shame awakens, conscience no longer sleeps. The dreams of his ambitious youth come to haunt him. He would give his fortune, many times duplicated, for the innocence and integrity of his early manhood. He is not a bad man—he can suffer, he can be ashamed, he can long for innocence. Perhaps, on reflection, there are no bad men. At any rate, the grater has shown himself capable of dying broken-hearted or of going, a melancholy lunatic, to the asylum for the insane. His career requires stern metal. Let him who enters it be sure that his conscience is dead, his family pride buried, his self-respect quenched, and that he is obdurate to the reproachful tears of the women who love him. Having made quite, quite sure of all this, one might adopt a grafting career in an expectant spirit.

Balm for Baldheads.

Simultaneously, from two independent sources, has come striking testimony of the virtues of the hairless head. It is stated that there are no bald criminals and that there are no bald lunatics. Neither statement is laid down as absolute or infallible, but it is claimed that there are only just sufficient exceptions to prove the rule. The authority regarding the first statement is J. T. Riley, a magistrate of the Halifax bench, who said in court that he had only met with two bald "charges" in his 23 years' experience. With regard to the second statement, Rev. H. M. Neill, of Bradford, quotes "a head official" of the Rainhill asylum who assured him that he would never need the hospitality of that institution as he was quite bald. It is difficult to find authorities in London who wholeheartedly bear out these two theses. A gentleman who frequently visits Bethlehem hospital in an official capacity says: "My impression of the lunatics I meet there is that they are usually a shaggy race. An experienced police inspector or bore out to a great extent Mr. Riley's statement about the lack of baldheaded criminals, but he advanced a commonplace explanation. 'Criminals,' he said, 'are notoriously a short-lived race. I admit I have seen very few baldheaded men in this chancery, but by the time a criminal reaches the bald-headed period of life he has either died or has reformed. There is one notable exception, however, that was Charles Peace, the murderer and burglar.'

Stimulating Reading.

We cannot help living in some degree the lives of heroes who are constantly in our minds. Our characters are constantly being modified, shaped and molded by the suggestions which are thus held. The most helpful life stories for the average youth, says Success Magazine, are not the meteoric ones, the unaccountable ones, the astonishing ones like those of Napoleon, Oliver Cromwell, and Julius Caesar. The great stars of the race dazzle most boys. They admire, but they do not feel that they can imitate them. They like to read their lives, but they do not get the helpfulness and the encouragement from them that they do from reading the lives of those who have not startled the world so much. It is the triumph of the ordinary ability which is most helpful as an inspiration and encouragement. The life of Lincoln has been an infinitely greater inspiration to the world than the life of Napoleon or that of Julius Caesar.

When Kansas was suffering from the visitation of grasshopper the whole country united in raising money and contributing food and clothing for the sufferers. Many a mean man was developed then. The contributions were so generous that opportunity was afforded for graft. And more than one man now rich laid the foundation of his fortune in the cash or goods which he stole from the relief fund. Much the same thing has been noted in a smaller scale in the San Francisco case.

DOUGHNUTS AND CRULLERS

Various Recipes for These Breakfast Cakes Dearly Beloved of the Good American.

CRULLERS MADE OF RAISED DOUGH.—Set what is called a sponge over night, just as for bread. Use a pint of warm water and a large half-cupful of yeast. When the mixture is light add half a cupful of butter or sweet lard, a large cup dissolved in water, one tablespoonful of cinnamon and a pinch of nutmeg. Stir in two beaten eggs, add flour until sufficiently stiff, knead it well and set away to rise. Then roll the dough out into half-inch thickness and cut into any forms desirable. The twist is pretty. Drop into hot lard, being sure to have quite a deep vessel of lard, as the turning of the cakes is liable to spatter up in the gas.

DOUGHNUTS HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.—One gill of milk, one gill of sugar, three gills flour, one-third teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a nutmeg, grated; grated rind of a lemon, the yellow part; one full teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth and add the beaten yolk and sugar. Add the flavorings, then milk and, last, flour into which you have stirred the baking powder. Drop a teaspoonful into hot butter or lard, let cook until brown, gently turning the doughnuts round as they fry.

SWISS DOUGHNUTS.—Roll a pint of milk and pour it over a pint of flour. Beat it very smooth, and when it is cool add four eggs, thoroughly well beaten, yolks and whites separately, always stirring in yolks first. Then add the melted butter and a pinch of salt. Sprinkle your board with flour to make it easy to form into rings. Cook in plenty of boiling lard or butter. Delicious with coffee for a nice breakfast.

"YES" AND "NO" APPLE BALLS.—Pare and steam six moderately sour apples until they are soft and white. Then rub them through a colander into a bowl, add a teaspoonful of sour lemon juice to each apple, one half an ounce of gelatine to every six apples, and sugar to taste. Keep in a warm place until the gelatine is dissolved, then cool. Stir in briskly a meringue mixture made of the whites of four eggs and four ounces of sugar. Drop this snowy, frothy mixture in balls into a dish in which you wish to serve it. Keep as much a pyramidal shape as possible, and decorate each ball with candied cherries. —New York World.

FOR THE GARDENER.

The China Aster Seems to Belong to Autumn and May Be Started Outside.

The China aster is one of the flowers which it seems to me belongs to early autumn rather than to summer. Consequently, I do not deem it worth while to plant it inside in order to hasten its period of blooming. I should rather have these flowers through September and the first half of October than through July and August, but if one wishes the early blossoms it is a simple matter to start the seeds indoors, choosing the Queen of the Market, which is the earliest flowering strain of asters. One can now get these in a variety of colors.

During the warmer days the plants will be greatly benefited if the boxes are set on a sunny porch out of doors or on the ledge of an open window. They will thus be more vigorous and hardy and will endure the transplanting into the garden much better. Be careful not to apply too much water to the soil, keeping it barely moist but not wet, and also do not try to force the plants too rapidly in a very warm room. Most of them will thrive better in a comparatively cool temperature. Care must be taken to shade the tiny seedlings as they are starting, in order that they may not be dried out through the direct action of the sun. Do not have more plants than can enjoy the full benefit of sun and air.—Good Housekeeping.

To Clean Old Oak.

To clean old oak, whether furniture or paneling, dust it thoroughly and then wash it with warm beer, using a soft brush for carvings. Meanwhile, boil together two quarts of beer, one ounce of beeswax and one ounce of moist brown sugar until the wax and sugar are perfectly dissolved. Then apply this with a large, soft brush, and when quite dry, rub it until bright with clean, soft cloths. Some people, after washing with the beer, when dry polish it with a cloth slightly sprinkled with paraffin oil.

Indian Matrimonial Notice.

Wanted—A match for a girl of respectable Agarwal family, Gautier Ensal. The boy should be educated and between the age of 20 and 25 years. All communications to be addressed to Gian Chand, clerk, Arsenal, Ferozepore City—Lahore Tribune.

What He Needed.

"Bjorkins you're certainly losing your senses. Of all the crazy schemes I ever—say, aren't you well?" "No; to tell the truth, I'm not. I think I'll have to consult a physician." "Never mind the doctor—consult a wheelwright."—Cleveland Leader.

His Hope.

Mother—Oh, you bad boy! Dirty hands again! I'm afraid you're a hopeless case. Tommy (eagerly)—Oh, ma, does "hopeless" mean you're going to give up talking about it?—Philadelphia Ledger.

On a Transatlantic Liner

By PHILIP VERRILL M'GHELS

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

On the transatlantic liner there were two cabin passengers who were neither seafarers nor loversick, and, as if this in itself were not sufficiently remarkable, Ada was beautiful, clever and young, while Seton was manly, wholesome and wise.

Grown weary of her reading, Ada glanced across the deck. A man there leaned against the rail, smoking. She noted the back of his head and thought of a boy with whom, on a time, she had played at a game entitled: "Courtship, Marriage and Divorce."

The man, who was Seton, turned about. Then she saw that he was, in very fact, that self-same boy, expanded and sandpapered off, according to a plan of civilization. Their glances met. He oscillated where he was for a second, and then came leisurely forward, raising his cap in salutation.

"Why, it's Seton Lowe—Mr. Lowe," she said. "I didn't even know you were aboard."

"I came a little unexpectedly," he confessed. "I took the trip to avoid my friends."

"Oh; then I trust you will be successful," she answered, somewhat lightly.

He made no attempt to reconstruct his observation. They were silent for a moment.

"It's going to be a smooth, tedious trip," he presently stated.

"It looks that way—at present," she agreed.

He glanced at her furtively, after which she abruptly scanned him over with a keener interest.

"You are not alone?" she inquired.

"Practically, yes."

"Why, I thought—I read—wasn't it true? Shouldn't your wedding—"

"Should have come off today," he supplied nonchalantly. "All of it true so far as it went."

"Oh. Really? . . . Then Miss Schuyler—"

"Exercised her divine prerogative of changing her mind. She is wearing the other man."

"Wearing?"

"Yes. They put us on and off like hats. I trust he will find it wearing."

Ada's eyes glistened somewhat fiercely. "I have known men who renewed their ties as often as we choose between our hats," she said. "The fad of changing the heart is quite as flip-pant as that of altering the mind."

"Personal experience is the hothouse of rancor," he told her, "and I am still under glass."

"Well, do you fondly imagine you are all alone in an enjoyment of rancor?"

"My fault-finding is at first hand," he answered, "while yours should be vicarious only, at the utmost."

"Indeed," she said.

He looked at her sharply and blinked through the smoke of his pipe.

"See here," he blurted, "you were not the Miss Lee Cavendish who was engaged to some fellow from Oxford?"

"You are neither acute nor complimentary, not to know—or to assume so little interest."

"H'm," he mused. "I—I always called you Ada. I never supposed that fellow—"

He glanced at her again, earnestly. "You were always a sensible girl," he observed. "Shall I tell you what I've done?"

"Not if you wish it kept a secret."

"I've joined the Association of Un-mitigated Bachelors," he imparted.

"I've taken a solemn vow never to ask any maid, girl or woman on earth to become my wife."

She looked at him oddly, her face slightly reddened.

"I've joined myself," she murmured.

"Not the bachelors?"

"No, the Bachelor Girls. We have each of us taken a grave and reverend obligation never to wed any lad, youth or man who may, can or must ask us to become his wife, mate or partner for life, if we live to be a thousand."

"You don't say!" he exclaimed, with frank admiration. "I'm mighty glad to hear it. Ada, we shall get along this voyage delightfully. Let us shake hands."

She placed her dainty hand in his, for a funny little second, and the glance that played between them met on neutral ground.

Of all the unstable, neutral grounds that Fate has yet devised for man's confusion, the sea is perhaps the most conspicuous. For the matter of that, any ground whatsoever, when frequently employed, is perilous to meet upon, especially for people who have protested much against conjugal entanglements.

this morning. Do you like whales more or less than you love sea-gulls?" "Why should I like one or the other more or less?"

"Well—a whale is a mammal—and so is man."

"Man is a beast," she corrected.

"Yes, I suppose he is. And a woman—a woman is a critter."

"Thanks. I was afraid you would call woman either an angel or a mermaid."

"No," he replied, reflectively, "I never took home either feathers or scales, on—on my coat lapel."

"You can actually speak about—that affair, and—love?" She blushed as she nearly missed fire on the final word.

"Why not?" he inquired. "The sea is doing me good. I shall be myself once more in a week."

"And begin to regret your unmitigated bachelor solemnities?"

"Certainly not. I'd like to see the girl who could make me regret such a sensible step."

He looked so deeply into Ada's eyes as he spoke that she saw the whole-some, honest boy she had known so happily once upon a time. Then he presently added:

"Besides, that's done—and there's an end to it."

Something happened in Ada's feminine mind. She said:

"That sounds exactly like the things you used to say so long ago. Just between our childish calms and storms."

A bright light flashed in his eyes, for a second, to counter the sparkle in hers.

"Ada, there's nothing poetic or reminiscent about me now," he confessed, "but everything feels to me decidedly like spring."

With a nod she conceded he had paid her back. Nevertheless, she ignored his gentle repartee.

"Was it spring the whole year through, when we were two foolish children?" she queried.

"I never thought," he admitted, "but—hang it all—I believe it was."

The sole purpose of making an ocean voyage so protracted is to entrap the innocent passengers into vague little sighs of inconsequent regret when at length it is finally ended.

Both Seton and Ada were apostles of inconsequence.

That final evening they sat on the deck and beheld the moon arise like a red-hot disk from somewhere over the edge. Ada looked at it steadily.

"The poor old thing must take us very seriously," she said, "for look at the wrinkles on her brow."

"I used to think a sillier thing than that—what a lot of rings it would make, cut out, one inside the other."

He was silent for a moment, mentally carving up the unsuspecting planet. Then he observed:

"They would all be plain gold rings."

"Yes, I know. That was part of the idea. I said it was woefully silly."

"Perhaps you thought you would like one of the rings?"

"Perhaps I did," she confessed. "I was very young."

He suppressed a tentative feeling of excitement.

"Of course, you don't wish for anything of the sort any longer?" he inquired, calmly.

"How could I, Mr. Lowe?"

"I was trying to think."

"You were trying to think what?"

"How we could both get out of it. I mean—how I—we—well, let it go the way I said it first."

She looked at him steadily, and felt herself grow pale and warm alternately.

"Got out of what?" she murmured.

"Ada, we can't get out of the fact that we love one another, devotedly," he announced with a boldness that took away her breath. "When we used to play, as children, we used to say we loved each other for the courtship, and that we loved each other for the marriage, and then, after the divorce, we made up and said we loved each other again, so as to begin the game all over. So we can't get out of that, now can we? The only question is how to get around our solemn vows to the bachelor associations."

"But—Seton—"

"I know. I've always said you are a sweet, sensible girl. If you advise it, I'll simply break my pledge."

"But I don't advise it. I don't advise anything, I certainly—"

"Don't you love me, sweetheart, just enough to help me out?"

She was silent for a moment. He took her hand. It was trembling, but it lay in his without alarm. He looked in her eyes, and even in the moonlight, saw the answer he needed.

Then finally Seton, pressing his fist to his heart, with all his strength, discovered he was gazing in rapture on the moon. He thought what a beautiful plain gold ring he could cut from the splendor of the disk.

Plenty of Industry.
Mr. Quiller-Couch certainly cannot be accused of lack of industry. It is no very long since he brought out "The Mayor of Troy," he has two serial novels running in magazines; he is preparing to publish a collection of verses and little essays under the title of "A Cornish Window," and he is at work on a school history of English literature arranged on a plan of his own.

Webfoot Humility.
Crocuses are in bloom down along the Columbia. Rose shoots are several inches long. Spring beauties are blooming in the woods. Farmers are plowing, birds are singing, and meanwhile the unhappy east has a temperature varying from 4 to 26 degrees below zero. Are we worthy of our blessings?

Before the paleface came there was no poison in the Indian's corn.

Tulle in Millinery and Neckwear

Once again illusion bows before the fair woman; this time they are worn at the front, the chon at the back utterly out. More bows of white have been noticed so far, but the season may presently show the variety that raged a couple of years back.

In millinery tulle is used a great deal. Evening hats especially are thus adorned, and a very appropriate trimming it makes. An old-rose voile costume was lately seen worn with an all-white hat, whose only trimming as observed from the back was a great ruche of white tulle, covering the wide bandeau and falling well over the hair. When the wearer



MODISH MILLINERY.

faced about, a white plume was visible curling about the crown of the hat. This was a very airy chapeau, just the thing for a summer evening outing.

And nowadays summer evening outings are so much the rule, summer

gayeties making us once solemn Americans a very gay people indeed—taking away the reproach that we take our pleasures too seriously, and making need for clothes appropriate to the diversions. Not only do carriage folk dress nowadays, but also the plebeian street car, the open trolley, shows its load of prettily costumed women. A voile suit of some delicate color answers admirably for wear at summer park and private party, and the voiles of the season come in most beautiful shades, the material back in fashion with a certainty, too pretty long to be vanished.

The hat here pictured is typical of those seen on the summer girl of the day. It is a charming gray crin fluff with tulle and with yellow roses, making beautiful contrast on the soft gray—a French combination and artistic.

Very smart and coquettish is the small hat with a ruche of tulle about the crown and at one side a tight bunch of roses and the ubiquitous quill, under the brim of course some more roses. Posies, posies everywhere adding their quota to the gayeties.

At present the sailors are considerably much trimmed, but before the summer's over we may have the simple old sailor back again, a strictly utilitarian protection for the head. But we must confess we like the rose and tulle bedecked ones; think them more becoming.

The other day we saw on a hat a half wreath of peach blossoms that looked so real we surely got a whiff of their fragrance across the car; wanted to ask the maiden where under the sun she found the tree where they grew. Artificial flowers never were so beautiful as this year, I am sure; never so natural looking.

In The World of Fashion



LACE AND LINEN COMBINATION.

Soft mulls rather than stiffly starched lawns are the order of the day, these are a blessing to the laundress as they "do up" more easily and keep clean longer. The lingerie this season is even more fragile in appearance than usual, now one affects the finest of materials and less elaboration of lace insets, this, too, is a blessing to the home dressmaker, who can keep in style without wearing herself all out in the attempt.

Long coats are few and far between, and the variety of short ones is marvelous—one would have thought all the ideas exhausted long ago. They are so much cooler for summer wear, and they allow of display of the exquisite blouse. The present fashions make the streets very festive, so much white finery seen. Already numbers of white frocks have appeared, and though we may not have the white season of last summer repeated, there certainly is to be a great deal of white worn. White plumes are seen, almost always falling over the hair at the back, a novel and picturesque disposal. Last evening we noticed an attractive hat, one of the longish turbans with the only trimming a wreath of small flowers, the wreath elongated at the back and quite separated from the hat, lying on the girl's soft tresses like a garland. The arrangement of artificial flowers this season seems to us more natural and effective than usual, and the flowers so pretty.

Silk is much worn this spring, taffeta and rough weaves both. The colored pongees are all made with short skirts, and shortest jackets, evidently meant for business; and they certainly do seem to be just the thing for summer pedestrianizing. The taffetas are usually made walking length; in spite of dire predictions we see almost no

long trained gowns on the street. And, by the way, a trim taffeta or pongee suit, made latest mode, can be worn for almost any occasion the summer may bring forth. Of course one may wear with such a suit the loveliest of lingerie blouses, which, with its elbow sleeves and fine handwork, will look parodied enough for anything.

At the afternoon-tea shops one sees some of the prettiest of summer toilets. A charming one disported itself the other day at one of these places where I happened to drop in for a refreshing cup, and I wondered if the wearer gave the charm to the dress or the dress most adorned the lady—both were so worth looking at. The lady was one of those erect, slim women, slim without being in the least scrawny; her hair just touched with gray, softly fluffy about a bright, youthful face and crowned with a white chip hat trimmed simply with a wreath of white roses. The skirt and short coat were of blue taffeta, the sleeves of the latter giving the unmistakable style; they came above the elbow and a deep frill of creamy lace brought them down considerably longer.

The princess costume appears in all forms, some good, others indifferent, others bad. The one here pictured is an excellent model, designed by the Dry Goods Economist. The short, puffed sleeves give the correct shoulder line, the front panel and short waist line relieve what otherwise would be too severe for any save an absolutely perfect figure—few of us, alas, possess. But both art and nature are coming to the assistance of poor woman with her unnatural mode of life; exercise and good dress-makers are building up deficiencies.

ELLEN OSMOND.

The Marriage of Muggsy

By W. H. ALBURN

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

So it happened that Muggsy and Mary Ann the waitress became engaged. Muggsy was to borrow some money from a friend, and get a job, and be married.

Now, it is hard for a burglarious loafer to get a job. It is harder still for him to borrow money. But after five days of tramping the streets and visiting mills and factories, and striking old friends intermittently for pecuniary aid, he obtained the promise of work in a foundry, to begin the following Monday, and a former "pal" lent him \$10 to begin housekeeping with. So he was to be married on Sunday.

It was Saturday night, and Mary Ann's fiancé was strolling through the streets, restless and happy. To-morrow he would be married. It seemed impossible, and yet there could be no doubt of it.

Muggsy found himself staring vacantly into a shop window. The shop was closed, for it was late; and the lights in the windows were dim. There were three gilded balls over the door. Then Muggsy's gaze fell upon a tray of rings in the window, and he started. The awful truth flashed upon him. When people get married they use wedding rings! And he had forgotten the ring.

There was an old shoe lying in the street. In a moment he had seized the shoe, rested it on the glass above the crack, inserted his left elbow in the shoe, closed his fist and struck it a powerful blow with his right hand.

He took only one ring; once he would have taken the whole tray. He was triumphant, but he was in danger. He ran quickly down the street to a passageway he knew of, leading to an alley and thence to another street, where he would be safe.

But suddenly a blue uniform loomed up, and an excited voice ordered the fugitive to stop. A pistol shot added force to the command. Muggsy was frightened. He darted into the passageway, the patrolman after him in full chase. A fence had been built there since last he came that way, and he was cornered.

Muggsy was a man of peace. The game was up, and he surrendered. When the turnkey searched him at the police station he still had the ring. It went into an envelope marked "Exhibit A."

There was a big docket in police court on Monday morning. An endless line of "drunks" shuffled out of the reeking "bull pen" and stood, nervously expectant, before the bench where the magnanimous Judge O'Rourke dispensed fines and imprisonment for the protection of society. "Well, well!" ejaculated his honor, with a broad grin. "Not very cheerful this morning, Muggsy. What is it now, Mooney?"

"Burglary and larceny, your honor—at 'is old tricks—smashed a jewelry window an' copped a ring—a wedding ring, too." The court officer smiled indulgently and the prosecuting attorney inspected the ring, while the clerk read the affidavit, and the spectators craned forward with interest—for the prisoner had many acquaintances present.

The proof was too easy. The prosecutor yawned, and held up the ring for the inspection of the court.

"Why didn't you take the rest?" he asked. "This ain't worth much, and there was a whole trayful."

"I didn't need any more," muttered Muggsy.

"Didn't need any more?" repeated the prosecutor, while the court attaches and police reporters showed signs of interest. "Then you confess to the theft?" he shrewdly added.

"Naw, I don't confess nothin'."

"Needed a wedding ring, did you, Muggsy?" queried his honor, with a smile that lit up the court-room.

"That reminds me," remarked Lieut. O'Hara. "We found a marriage license in his clothes—Exhibit B over there. It's got his name on, too, only he says it's for a cousin as has the same name as he has, an' was to be married yesterday. I wonder—"

and while he was wondering, a light suffused his massive face.

Meanwhile a reporter was inspecting the marriage license. He was a tall, lean scribe, with a lazy, far-away look, and wore an eternal stogie in his mouth. He leaned over to the judge.

"The girl's name is Mary Ann Evans," he said. "Maybe she's here. She'd make a good witness."

Now, his honor had great respect for this particular reporter. Besides, he was under obligation to him for certain unnamed favors.

"Have you any witnesses?" he asked the prisoner.

"Me? Naw."

The judge handed the license to the court officer.

"Is Mary Ann Evans here present?" roared Mooney.

Muggsy jerked himself erect, his square jaw set, his eyes flashing, and his fists clenched.

"Stop that, Mr. Officer!" he cried. "Mooney started back, and the court-room stared in astonished silence.

"I don't want that name mentioned in this d—d p'lice court!" the prisoner gasped.

spectators, and a little figure with curly hair and freckled face almost hidden beneath a faded shawl darted past the officer at the gate and stepped to the judge's bench. A young lad about to follow her was denied admittance. Muggsy was abashed. His figure slumped back to its normal posture, and again he gazed at the floor.

"Please, sir, I'm here," faltered the figure under the shawl, while a pair of greenish-yellow eyes roved back and forth between judge and prisoner.

"Are you Mary Ann Evans?" asked his honor.

"Y-yes, sir. An' I came here this mornin' because Jimmy—that's my brother—seen in the paper that Muggsy was arrested, an' he said they'd try him this mornin'." An' I thought mebbe I could—do sumpin'—fer 'im." Further elucidation was interrupted by the necessity for stopping a flow of tears with one corner of her shawl.

"Is it this man, or his cousin, that you were going to marry?" asked the judge.

Mary Ann checked an impulse to answer, and looked to the prisoner for guidance. Muggsy's eyes slowly rose from the floor, met hers, and read their honest appeal. That look shamed the duplicity out of him. He stepped nearer the judge, while the little group narrowed around the affianced pair, and he addressed the judge in a voice firm, but low, so that the curiosity-mongers beyond the railing might not hear.

"I'll tell ye the truth, yer honor," he said, "an' it'll be the first time I ever told it to ye. I lied w'en I said the license was fer me cousin, an' I lied about breakin' the windy by accident. This little girl had promised to marry me, yer honor, an' the weddin' was to 'a' been yesterday. An' w'en I happened to think how I didn't have no ring, an' how I needed one, an' didn't have no money to buy one, nor not'in', w'y I don't know how it was, yer honor, but I just couldn't help gettin' it reformed, an' gittin' a ring the best way I could. An' now I s'pose I got to go to the Works again, an' I don't care much, fer I don't s'pose Mary Ann'll have anything to do with me now—fer she's a decent, respectable girl, yer honor, an' not like me. Only, I don't know what she'll do, on account of bein' out of a job, an' nobody to take care of her. But it's all up now, an' you might as well give me the sentence right away, yer honor; fer there can't be no weddin', an' my job's lost, an' it's no use, I guess, tryin' to be decent."

"What job's that?" asked the prosecutor. The suggestion of Muggsy at work, following close upon the revelation of Muggsy in love, staggered him.

Thereupon the prisoner filled in the details of the story. His narrative was supplemented by the testimony of a policeman who recognized Mary Ann and had known her father.

"Are you still willing to marry him?" asked the judge, curiously.

"Why, of course!" and Mary Ann stared at him in surprise. "I know he'll never do such a thing again. An' I guess I can get along somehow till he gets out, an' gits another job."

"Well, in view of the circumstances, I won't make it so long as I otherwise would," began the judge, as he resumed his judicial air. "It will be—"

But the reportorial face had suddenly approached his honor's ear, and there was a quiet little conference, in which the prosecutor presently joined.

"It will be—ahem!"—resumed his honor, when the heads separated—"three months and costs." He paused, impressively. "And, in view of certain extenuating circumstances—the workhouse sentence is suspended during good behavior, and the fine to be paid at the convenience of the prisoner."

Muggsy stared stupidly.

"Go on!" said Mooney, nudging him good-naturedly. "No, not that way," as the prisoner started back toward the "bull pen." "Out here, with your girl. You're free, as long as you behave yourself. See?"

Muggsy saw, and with a radiant smile overspread his ugly face as he grasped Mary Ann's hand, and they turned away, too happy for speech.

"Wait a minute," whispered the tall reporter. "Your job?"

The smile faded.

"It was mighty hard to git, and now I've lost it," Muggsy faltered. "I was to report fer work this mornin'."

"Won't you sign this, judge?" asked the scribe.

His honor took from him the sheet of official court paper and read: Foreman of the — Foundry: The presence of Mr. Maguire has been required at an important trial this morning. He informs me that as a result of rendering the court this service he may lose the employment you have promised him. Allow me to request that his enforced absence may not deprive a deserving man of the means of earning a livelihood for himself and family.

The genial smile broke out again, and the judge signed the letter. When he handed it to Muggsy there was a bank note folded in it.

"You can pay this back some time, if you feel like it," he said. "Now, get married; and then report for work, and give the boss this paper. It'll be all right. Mr. Jones!"

An old colored minister, who haunted the police courts and rescued the black sheep of his flock from frequent trouble, arose and bowed with rheumatic dignity.

"Take this couple into my private office and tie them up," ordered the judge.

The bridal pair followed the aged pastor from the courtroom amid a roar of applause, and the court officer called the next case.

A WOMAN'S ORDEAL DREADS DOCTOR'S QUESTIONS

Thousands Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and Receive Valuable Advice Absolutely Confidential and Free

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions in regard to her private life, even when those questions are asked by her family physician, and many



continue to suffer rather than submit to examinations which so many physicians propose in order to intelligently treat the disease; and this is the reason why so many physicians fail to cure female disease.

This is also the reason why thousands upon thousands of women are corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. To her they can confide every detail of their illness, and from her great knowledge, obtained from years of experience in treating female ills, Mrs. Pinkham can advise sick women more wisely than the local physician.

Read how Mrs. Pinkham helped Mrs. T. C. Willadsen of Manning, Ia. She writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I can truly say that you have saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude in words. Before I wrote to you telling you how I felt, I had doctored for over two years steadily, and spent lots of money in medicines besides, but it all failed to do me any good. I had female troubles and would daily have fainting spells, backache, bearing-down pains, and my monthly periods were very irregular and finally ceased. I wrote to you for your advice and received a letter full of instructions just what to do, and also commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I have been restored to perfect health. Had it not been for you I would have been in my grave to-day."

Mountains of proof establish the fact that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for restoring women's health.

A Matter of Courtesy, Merely.

Mr. Nervey—The object of my call upon you this evening, Mr. Goldrox—Mr. Goldrox (sternly)—Yes, you've come to tell me that you wish to marry my daughter and I want to say right here and now—

"Pardon me. I come to tell you that I am going to marry your daughter. I convinced her and her mother that it was no more than fair to put you wise."—Philadelphia Press.

FACE ALL BROKEN OUT.

Troubled Almost a Year—Complexion Now Perfect and Skin Soft, White and Velvety.

"I had been troubled with a breaking out on my face and arms for almost a year and had the services of several physicians, but they didn't seem to do any good. Some time ago one of my friends recommended Cuticura to me. I secured some, and after using it several months I was completely cured. I can highly recommend Cuticura Soap as being the very best complexion Soap made. It creates a perfect complexion, leaving the skin soft, white and velvety. I now use Cuticura Soap all the time and recommend its use to my friends, Maud Loggins, R. F. D. No. 1, Sylvia, Tenn., Aug. 1, 1905."

Laconic.

She wrote: "Circumstances over which I have no control compel me to reject your offer of marriage. Yours, etc."

He wired: "What circumstances? Reply prepaid."

She wired: "Yours. Collect."—Cleveland Leader.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Just a Tip.

Miss Country Maid—I was reading in a magazine that in the city hotels one often sees palms about the dining rooms. What kind of palm is the most prominent?

Mr. Dineout—The waiter's.—Chicago Daily News.

Best in Existence.

"I sincerely believe, all things considered, Hunt's Lightning Oil is the most useful and valuable household remedy in existence. For Cuts, Burns, Sprains and Insect Bites it has no equal, so far as my experience goes." G. E. Huntington, Eufaula, Ala.

It makes a man of 30 feel awfully old to hear a boy of 16 talking about the things he used to do when he was a kid.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Hot air is always succeeded by a cold wave.

ALMOST A CATASTROPHE.

Exuberance of Love Spasmodically Manifested Results in Mortification.

She was seated in the gloaming, a happy smile on her pretty, pensive face, when her elderly aunt entered. Then, as she looked upon the kind old face, a feeling rushed upon her that she must share her wonderful news with somebody—she must let someone into the secret which till then had been the sole possession of herself and Harold. She sprang up and flung her arms about her aunt's neck.

"Oh, auntie," she cried impulsively, "you do love me, don't you? Kiss me, auntie, and tell me you do—kiss me!"

But only an alarming gurgle came from the old lady for a moment. Then she said, gasping indignantly:

"Kiss you, if you ain't careful I'll shake the life out of you. You very nearly made me swallow my teeth!"

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. FRANK J. CHENEY, Clerk of the Court of the County of Lucas, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original of the same, as the same appears from the records of the said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 10th day of December, A. D. 1905.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Clerk of the Court. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. KENNY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 7c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Bum Restaurant.

"Paw, what's that orchestra playing here for?"

"Money, Tommy. They couldn't possibly be playing for the kind of meal they would get here."—Chicago Tribune.

Where Others Failed.

"Each spring for five or six years I broke out with a kind of Eczema which nothing seemed to relieve permanently. Finally I tried a box of Hunt's Cure, which promptly cured me. Two years have passed by but the trouble has not returned."

Mrs. Kate Howard, Little Rock, Ark.

Charitable Player.

By some means a mother and daughter managed to gain access to Paderewski's sanctum. The mother was proud of her daughter and the daughter had aspirations. She desired Paderewski's opinion of her skill. Paderewski listened, or appeared to, while the mother beat time approvingly. At last, with a final crash, the girl rose from the stool and the mother flushed with pleasure. "Tell me," she whispered to the artist, "tell me in confidence. What do you think of her?" Amiable the artist rubbed his hands together. "I think she must be very charitable. Surely she leteth not her left hand know what her right hand doeth."

No Whiskers.

"How immaculate everything is kept around that soda fountain."

"Yes, even the ice is freshly shaved every hour."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Easier to Do.

"Some o' de gloomy conversation," said Uncle Eben, "is caused by de fact dat it's easier to talk hard times dan it is to do hard work."—Washington Star.

Test Its Value.

"Simmons' Liver Purifier is the most valuable remedy I ever tried for constipation and disordered liver. It does its work thoroughly, but does not gripe like most remedies of its character. I certainly recommend it whenever the opportunity occurs."

M. M. Tomlinson, Oswego, Kas.

Her Legal Status.

The Dominine—Are you your mother's little darling?

Baby Ethel—Only half the time. You see the court decided that papa was to have me for six months every year.—The Wasp.

This Is No Joke.

Hunt's Cure has saved more people from the "Old Scratch" than any other known agent, simply because it makes scratching entirely unnecessary! One application relieves any form of itching skin disease that ever afflicted mankind. One box guaranteed to cure any one case.

Concrete Definition.

Tommy—Paw, what is pessimism?

Mr. Tucker—It's—it's something like rheumatism, Tommy.—Chicago Tribune.

WANTED FOR UNITED STATES ARMY. Able-bodied unmarried men, between ages of 21 and 35; citizens of United States, of good character and temperate habits, who can speak, read and write English. For information apply to Recruiting Officer, Post Office Building, Oklahoma, Guthrie, Shawnee, Elmd, G. T., or Tulsa, I. T.

The original chauffeurs, it seems, were robbers. Which is another instance showing the descent of man.

The man who talks about civic righteousness ought to keep his own backyard clean.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar—made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 20c a bottle.

—A friend in need will keep you broke.

IN CONSTANT AGONY.

A West Virginian's Awful Distress Through Kidney Troubles.

W. L. Jackson, merchant, of Parkersburg, W. Va., says: "Driving about in bad weather brought kidney troubles on me, and I suffered twenty years with sharp, cramping pains in the back and urinary disorders. I often had to get up a dozen times at night to urinate. Retention set in, and I was obliged to use the catheter. I took to my bed, and the doctors failing to help, began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The urine soon came freely again, and the pain gradually disappeared. I have been cured eight years, and though over 70, am as active as a boy."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NUGGETS OF KNOWLEDGE.

There are ladies' smoking cars on English railways.

Alligator, a popular native dish in India, tastes like veal.

The wood used in the best pianos has been seasoned 40 years.

Those who reach 30 in good health are likely, statistics show, to last to 73.

Over 200,000 pounds of human hair, valued at \$500,000, is sold annually in Paris.

The majority of criminals can draw and paint. That is why artists can rarely get credit.

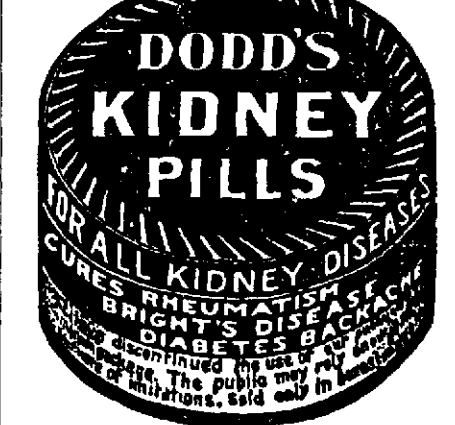
In many parts of Switzerland the government buries the dead, supplying coffins and undertaker free of cost.

Position Filled.

Wilhe Gusher—Just let me press one kiss on those coral lips?

Sweet Singer—Sir, I already have a press agent.—Chicago ally News.

When wisdom doesn't declare dividends we call it "folly."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and mosquitoes that annoy you in every room. One box lasts the entire season. Harmless to persons, clean, neat and will not soil or injure anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. If not kept by dealers, sent prepaid for 25c. Herald Square, 149 South Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

PILES—NO MONEY TILL CURED. SEND FOR FREE LITERATURE on Piles, Hemorrhoids, with names of Physicians who can be consulted. DR. THORNTON & MINOR, 1036 OAK ST., KANSAS CITY, MO. (branch office at St. Louis.)

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE This signature Allen's Foot-Ease on every box.

A Certain Cure for Tired, Hot, Aching Feet. DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE IS A MARVEL OF ART

Our Cotton Gin Machinery is all that the Catalogue claims for it.—Write us for Catalogue—and tell us what Machinery you are in need of.

CONTINENTAL GIN COMPANY, DALLAS, TEXAS

DON'T NEGLECT CONSTIPATION

It is one of the commonest causes of all diseases. Don't take drugs to remedy it. Eat daily

DR. PRICE'S

WHEAT FLAKE CEREAL

FOOD

which contains the whole wheat grain and does not only help to keep the bowels regular, but puts you in possession of good blood, healthy skin, and gives nourishment to the whole body. On a meal of this Food you can get the longest without the feelings of hunger than any other articles of diet known. It never causes indigestion. One package, at a cost of ten cents, is equal in nourishment to three loaves of bread.

Palatable—Nutritious—Easy of Digestion and Ready to Eat

Can be served hot. Put in a hot oven for a few minutes; or cook in boiling milk to a mush.

10c a package. For Sale by *Dr. J. C. Price* on every package

Dr. Price, the famous food expert, the creator of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, Delicious Flavoring Extracts, Ice Cream Sugar and Jelly Desserts, has never been compelled, notwithstanding strenuous Food laws, to change any of his products. They have always conformed to their requirements. This is an absolute guarantee of their quality and purity.

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA OREOLE" HAIR RESTORER. Price, \$1.00, retail.

Ada Evening News

OTIS B. WEAVER, PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MGR.

Entered as second-class mail matter March 28, 1904, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application.

LOCAL NEWS

W. C. Duncan is in Tupelo today.
Frank Jones went to Wewoka today.
Judge Bledsoe, of Ardmore, is in the city.

W. W. Patterson came in from Francis today.

A good milk cow for sale. See W. A. Alexander. 89-2t

T. P. Holt is transacting business in Sulphur today.

P. C. Miller, of Ardmore, is visiting friends in Ada.

Miss Aline Shands has returned from a visit at Madill.

J. W. Beard is transacting business in Ardmore today.

Col. Epp Wells is up from Roff today attending the county 'union.

Old clothing made new at Chitwood's the Tailor, over Rollow Bld. 89-4t

WANTED: Room and board with private family for man and wife. Phone 49. 90-2t

The Ada Star printing and publishing plant is being moved to the old Nickel Store stand.

Otis Weaver who on last Tuesday suffered a relapse from his recent spell of illness is improving again.

Our friend R. C. Shocum, called Thursday and kindly ordered the News sent to his kinsman, A. G. Richards, of Rutledge, Mo.

Dick Floyd, Harry Kyser, Tom Reed and Albert and Lee Nettles returned from a three days fish on Boggy today. They report a catch of 150 pounds.

John W. Dale, former editor of the Star, left Thursday evening for Amarillo, Texas, where he has secured a good position with a newspaper at that point.

The big meeting in the tent on the Rollow lot will open tonight. The tent is up and the bible preacher is ready. Much is expected at this meeting. Everybody come out.

W. C. Westcott and wife came in from Oklahoma City today where they attended the funeral of their little granddaughter who was fatally burned on Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Waggoner and children, of Mollott, Indiana, and Miss Mary Harbaugh, of Frankfort, Indiana, came in over the Frisco Wednesday evening, for a month's visit with their sister Mrs. A. H. Constant.

W. M. Wilson, one of the most substantial farmers of the Francis neighborhood was a News visitor today and paid us his respects to the amount of one dollar. Mr. Wilson states that the crop conditions are exceedingly fine and the prospects of a bumper crop never were brighter.

Mrs. W. B. Haynes entertained the following at her home on Broadway last evening: Misses Mildred and Pink Timberlake, Lola and Lula, Weaver, and Messrs. Holt, Timberlake and Carlton Weaver. Refreshments were delicious, which together with music by the Misses Weaver made the evening very pleasant.

Applications Disapproved.

Muskogee, I. T., July 5.—Applications of the following named persons of the Five Civilized Tribes for the removal of the restrictions have been disapproved by the Secretary of the Interior: Choctaws—Catherine McIntosh, Enterprise; Charles Thompson, Tahikina; Jincy Boscumb, Quinton, Cherokees—David Hendricks, Ochelata; George W. Burr, Vera, Joseph Woodward, Tahlequah; Sterling Hood, Checotah; Betsey Bixby, Texanna; James Daugherty, Vinita; Chickasaws—Simon Shields, Allen. Creek—Frank Hosmer, Muskogee.

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NICKNAMES INCREASE.

Fancy Names for The New State are Abundant.

Guthrie, Okla., July 6.—Nearly one hundred nicknames have been suggested since the inauguration of popular voting contests for the selection of a suitable familiar title for the state of Oklahoma.

The Eagle State is leading in popularity and is backed by Governor Frantz and a majority of territorial officials. The Ok. State is next in favor on account of its terseness and because it implies what every Oklahoman feels, "we are Ok."

The Barner state has its share of supporters, while the Indian State, commemorating the Indian and the Indian Territory is also in the race.

Many and amusing are the titles that have come to light. A Guthrie man says the Papoose State is the best ever, inasmuch as it means the baby state, carries the Indian sentiment and indicates that the state is next to the heart as the Indian mother holds her babe.

A wit from Indian Territory says the "Peruna" state is appropriate in view of the prohibition clause.

From an Enid politician who was removed from office the trite "Affidavit State" is suggested.

Other names are: Boomer, Sooner, Rustler, Hustler, United State, Twin State, Mistletoe State, Flag Day State, Joint State, Sequoyah, Wonderful State and others.

HENRYETTA MAN DISAPPEARS.

Police of the Two Kansas City's Searching for Him.

Kansas City, July 6.—The police of the two city's are searching for J. D. McLaughlin, of Henryetta, I. T., who came here June 27, to have his eyes treated.

Last Sunday he left the Drexel hotel, his boarding place, and since then no trace of him can be found.

McLaughlin is said to be a Scotchman and talks with an accent. He is about five feet five or six inches tall has dark sandy hair and blue eyes. When last seen he wore a black derby hat, dark sack coat and vest and light trousers. His clothing bear no laundry marks, but one collar shows that he bought it in Fresno, Cal. He is said to have traveled much.

CARRIE ORDERED ARRESTED.

Publishing Obscene Matter in the "Hatchet" is Charged.

Guthrie, Ok., July 6.—John W. Scott, acting United States Attorney, Thursday issued an order for the arrest of Mrs. Carrie A. Nation, the well-known temperance worker, on a charge of publishing obscene matter in her paper, The Hatchet, and sending it through the mails. United States Marshal Abernathy has the warrant for her arrest. The article which caused the arrest outlines to boys full information of a private character, with the view of teaching them to lead pure lives.

TWO STOCKMEN KILLED.

Freight Trains Collide on Rock Island in Kansas.

Topeka, Kan., July 6.—Two stockmen were killed and two seriously injured in a rear-end collision on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway near Maple Hill, Kan., early Thursday. The engineer and fireman of the rear train saved their lives by jumping. The dead: Thomas Johnson, Duncan, I. T. James Carson, Lindsay, I. T. The injured: James Lindsay, Ryan, I. T.; John Cogger, Ryan, I. T.

OKLAHOMA CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Chief Engineer McWillie Says Road is Not Rock Island Project.

Denison, Tex., July 6.—R. L. McWillie, chief engineer for the Oklahoma Central, and Thomas Halsell, of Bonham, who is interested in the road, were in Denison Thursday to have an apparatus constructed with which to sound Red river.

Mr. McWillie stated that the Oklahoma Central will go to Paris and will not touch either Denison or Bonham. Mr. McWillie is also authority for the statement that the Rock Island is not back of the Oklahoma Central and that it is an entirely independent line.

Teachers Will Meet in Shawnee.

Oklahoma City, O. T., July 6.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the teachers' associations of Oklahoma and Indian Territory held in this city, the purpose of which was to select the place and time for holding the regular annual meeting, it was decided to hold the meeting in Shawnee December 26, 27 and 28.

The two associations will meet in joint session and the most important feature of the meeting will be the consolidation of both bodies. An invitation will be extended to Senator Beveridge and Senator Bailey to attend and talk on education. Another meeting of the executive committee will be held on August 15 in this city.

BIG SHOW.

At the Opera House Thursday night July 5

The three distinguished young actresses, the Payton Sisters, and their big dramatic and vaudeville company will be seen at the opera house Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. The company numbers 17 people and includes some of the highest salaried stock actors in the country. They were billed to open the new theatre in Sulphur this week and owing to the fact that it was not completed on schedule time the company was secured for here. They will produce three of the best plays, opening with Mark E. Swan's "The Unwritten Law." Besides this play a complete vaudeville show will be given between acts consisting of the newest singing, dancing, novelty and comedy specialties. The prices will be only 25, 35 and 50 cents. 87-4t

Licensed to Wed.

The following license to marry have been issued by Deputy Constant since June 27th. Steve Richardson to Patty Walters, Conway; W. S. Patterson to Sally Ussery, Oakman; Jim Mullins, of Lula to Emma Daniels, Coalgate; J. T. Elkins to Gera Keltner, Stonewall; Ed Foster to Perri Ellison, Midland; William Howard, of Asher to Maud Fullerton, of Ada; J. F. Anderson to Ella Findley, of Ada; Dan Jordan, to Alice Coleman, Ada; L. D. Onese, of Roff, to Alice Carter, Dolberg; W. E. Williams to Katse Wall, Roff; C. R. Porter to May Price, Ada; Lee Key to Erey Lewis, Hickory; Geo. Beel to Onnse Young, Globe; C. H. Dismukes to Mrs. S. E. Morrison, Konawa; J. C. Heffington, of Floyd, New Mexico, to Cora A. Staggs, Ahlosa; Amosah McClain to Mattie Anderson, Conway; D. M. Echard to Myrtle McBride Konawa.

Rebuked by a "Mammy"

In exclusive New York circles they are telling how an old colored "mammy" the other day unintentionally administered a rebuke to her mistress, who belongs to an amazing number of clubs. The family has a mansion in one of the suburbs. The privileged old servant does not altogether approve of some methods of the modern woman.

One day her mistress had a dozen club friends out to luncheon in her home, and the feast was spread on the porch. By and by the hostess heard a lively colloquy between her eldest hopeful, seven years old, and the nurse. "You just git down outen dat tree," said the nurse. "You want to fall out and kill yourself, do you? Well, you just try it and see what good it'll do you. Your mother, she dat busy right now she won't even hab time to go to your funeral." K. C. Journal.

24 Out of 25.

Pocahontas, Ark., Feb. 17, 1905. "Ship 5 gross Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure. I have been selling your Chill Cure for seven years and find that 24 out of 25 who once use it will have no other. W. H. Skinner, druggist." Sold by G. M. Ramsey, Drug Co.

Notice.

Know all parties by these presents: That Fred Hutsie is no longer in my employ. All parties are hereby notified not to pay any bills for services as Scavenger presented by him. Ed Smith, City Scavenger. 90-4t

FOR RENT.—Two furnished rooms Mrs. Dr. Shands. 89-3t

WANTED.—A lot of nice plums at the News office. Mrs. M. D. Steiner.

HELP WANTED.

No Energy. No Will Power. No Ambition. Losing Confidence in Self and the Confidence of Friends or Employers.

A State of Health That Needs Prompt Treatment to Ward Off Serious Disease.

Do you notice a large reduction in your vital energy? Are you losing hold on your place in the social world? Is your strength gone, constitution weak, appetite poor, digestion deranged, bowels constive, with uneasiness and symptoms of derangement in the region of the kidneys? Such a condition is the preliminary to Bright's Disease or some other serious kidney trouble. If this describes the state of your body, we urge upon you prompt action before your health is entirely beyond recovery. Prickly Ash Bitters is the remedy you need; it has a four-fold restorative effect. It stimulates the torpid liver, restores health in the stomach, strengthens and cures the kidneys, and through its peculiar yet agreeable laxative character it clinches the good work by thoroughly cleansing the bowels. It is a certain remedy for kidney and liver diseases.

Accept no substitute. Insist on having the genuine Prickly Ash Bitters with the large figure 8 in red on the front label.

Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

JUDGE US

by our Soda. It has made hundreds of regular customers for us in the past. No expense has been spared to make it perfect—the most DELICIOUS BEVERAGE that can be produced. Our syrups are from FRESH FRUIT. They are PURE. A menu of one hundred cold drinks and you will like them all.

Mason Drug Co.
Telephone 55.
Ada, - I. T.

A Tragio Finish.

A watchman's neglect permitted a leak in the Great North Sea dyke, which a child's finger could have stopped, to become a ruinous break, devastating an entire province of Holland. In like manner Kenneth McIver, of Vanceboro, Me., permitted a little cold to go unnoticed until a tragic finish was only averted by Dr. King's New Discovery. He writes: "Three doctors gave me up to die of lung inflammation, caused by a neglected cold; but Dr. King's New Discovery saved my life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure at G. M. Ramsey & Dr. F. Z. Holley, druggists. 50c and \$1.00; Trial bottle free.

Reed & Harrison

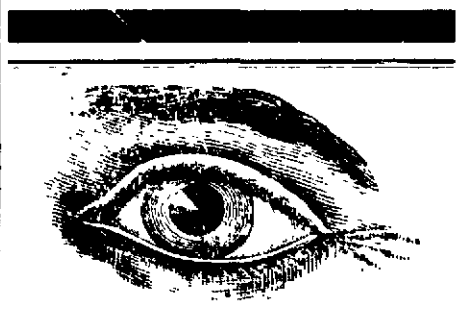
Wholesale and Retail Buggies
The Best Makes, the Lowest Prices

I have opened the

Twelfth Street Meet Market

and ask a share of your patronage. Nothing but the best of meats will be carried and your patronage will be given the most careful attention.

C. L. HICKEY.



Eyes Tested and Glasses Fitted
C. J. Warren, Optician

MEN AND WOMEN.
Use Big 42 for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritation, or obstructions of the urinary tract, or for the treatment of gonorrhea, syphilis, and all other diseases of the urinary tract. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is sold by druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or a bottle for 75c. Circular sent on request.

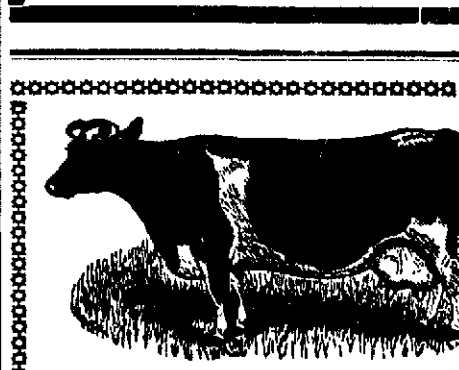
A Full Line of

May Manton Bazar
PATTERNS

10c each. Catalogues 10c. Fashion Sheet Free.

These patterns are the best that can be purchased anywhere at any price.

Reed & Harrison



R. L. McGUYRE, Phone No. 193.

LOANS

On Dead Claims, Intermarried Surplus and where Restrictions Are Removed. Improved City Property or to build.

Correct Neat Abstracts of Title at Reasonable Prices

ADA TITLE and TRUST CO.

W. H. EBEBY, Pres. and Manager, — ADA, IND. TER.

"HOT, 'AINT IT?"

Said the mosquito as he made a side step at the open-work shirt waist. But then we always have hot weather in the summer time, and there is no use growling about it. This is the season for...

FRESH FRUITS
ELBERTA PEACHES
CANTALOUPE
WATERMELONS

and we have 'em.

Jones & Meaders

HENRY M. FURMAN.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.

Office in Duncan Building.

C. A. Galbraith Tom D. McKeown

GALBRAITH & McKEOWN

LAWYERS

Over Citizens National Bank

Ada, Ind. Ter.

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

Is given up to be best. Do

Largest Agency Work

of any plant in this Territory.

Geo. A. Truitt,

Engineer and Land Surveyor

Office Rear Ada National Bank.

Prompt and Careful Attention

Given to All Work

Entrusted.

MISS NELLIE KENNEDY,

TRAINED NURSE.

Konawa - Ind. Ter.

Phone No. 33.

The NICKEL STORE

Where You Save Money on Everything.

A full car load of Crockery landed in the Nickel Store a few days since. In this lot there are a lot of things you will be interested in; may be not because of what they are, but because you can buy them so cheap.

Milk Pans or Crock 1 gal. 6c

Milk Pans or 12c Crock, 2 gal. ...

Tall Jars, up to and including 6 gallon sizes, cost you 6c per gallon. You will find the tall jars particularly nice for putting up your pickles, etc.

Come here for your Fruit Jars. Fruit Jars, Ball Mason patent, with tops and rubbers, 1 gallon size, 85c dozen.

Extra Rubbers for fruit jars, 5c dozen.

Extra Tops with Rubbers, 25c dozen

Jelly Glasses with tin covers, 25c dozen.

A few mentionings in

TINWARE

Lipped preserve kettles, wire bail or handle, 10c, 14c, 18c, 20c.

Pot covers, ringed, hemmed, full size, only 5c.

Stamped dish pans, 10c and 15c.

Combination nutmeg and vegetable grater, loop handle, only 9c.

Extra heavy dairy pails, 10 qt., 20c; 12 qt., 25c.

Japaned bread or cake boxes, cover fastens with a hasp. You will save enough bread or cake in a month to pay for one.

Galvanized pails make the best all around bucket, 10 qt., 15c; 12 qt., 20c.

WOODEN WARE

Rolling pins, 10c.

Potato mashers, 5c.

Butter ladies, 5c.

Butter moulds, 5c.

Vegetable slicers, 10c.

Clothes pins, 3 doz 5c.

Tooth picks, 3 pkgs. 10c.

Cups and saucers, 50c values, a set 39c.

Dinner plates, 50c values, a set 35c.

8 inch platters, 15c values, each 10c.

7 inch oval meat dishes, 15c values, each 10c.

Fine American China cups and saucers, decorated, \$1.25 values, per set 75c.

Dinner sets of the same goods, a set 75c.

White granite milk pitchers, 29c, 35c, 44c.

UMBRELLAS

A very nice assortment for ladies or gentlemen. Not the extra fancy kinds at fancy prices, but serviceable and dependable, 39c, 50c, 60c, \$1.00, \$1.20. Special fan sale. Jap anese folding fans, 10c.

Arm & Hammer brand

soda, 4 lb. pkgs. for 25c.

K. C. baking powder, two 15 oz. cans for 25c.

2 oz boxes Bag Blueing two boxes 5c.

Giant or Eagle Lve, 4 cans, 25c.

Silk Laundry soap, 8 cakes, 25c.

Wire fly traps, all metal, 15c.

Tanglefoot sticky fly paper, 2 double sheets 5c.

Jelly glasses with tin covers, 24c per doz.

Nickel Store.

The 5c and 10c store of Ada, I. T.

S. M. Shaw, Prop

New location on Main street third door west of Rollow's corner.

Phone 77.